

The Outlook

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THE DEPARTMENT REPORTS

This year the annual reports of the Secretaries of War, the Navy, the Treasury, Agriculture, Post Office, and the Interior are of unique interest because they come at the close of the great world war. Each of the reports deals with the phases of that war. It is impossible in a brief newspaper article to review them in full. We can only call attention to certain outstanding features of these reports.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR

The dramatic feature of Secretary Baker's report, just laid before Congress, is General Pershing's complete account of the accomplishment of the American Army in France. This appears as an appendix to Mr. Baker's report. Both should be published in permanent form, made accessible to every one, and kept in private, as well as in public, libraries for reference and because of their historic importance.

General Pershing's narrative is, like the man himself, simple, clear, and efficient. He carefully refrains from high-flown encomiums or self-glorification. The only phrase which expresses strong feeling will win the approval and concurrence of all Americans. General Pershing says: "I pay the supreme tribute to our officers and soldiers of the line. When I think of their heroism, their patience under hardships, their unflinching spirit of offensive action, I am filled with emotion which I am unable to express. Their deeds are immortal and they have earned the eternal gratitude of our country."

There is no fault-finding in General Pershing's report, but he recognizes existing facts as to America's dependence on others. Thus he says, bluntly:

Our entry into the war found us with few of the auxiliaries necessary for its conduct in the modern sense. Among our most important deficiencies in material were artillery, aviation, and tanks. In order to meet our requirements as rapidly as possible, we accepted the offer of the French Government to provide us with the necessary artillery equipment of seventy-fives, one-fifty-five millimeter howitzers, and one-fifty-five G P F guns from their own factories for thirty divisions. The wisdom of this course is fully demonstrated by the fact that, although we soon began the manufacture of these classes of guns at home, there were no guns of the calibers mentioned manufactured in America on our front at the date the armistice was signed.

There are some things, essential for war, which cannot be improvised. There are few military lessons to be drawn from the world war more to the point than that (until proportional or universal disarmament takes place) ships, airplanes, and armament should be ready for possible attacks.

The problem that confronted the American Army in France was simple—that is, simple to understand, although neither simple nor easy to carry out. General Pershing puts it tersely:

With the French and British armies at their maximum strength, and when all efforts to dispossess the enemy from his firmly intrenched positions in Belgium and France had failed, it was necessary to plan for an American force adequate to turn the scale in favor of the Allies. Taking account of the strength of the Central Powers at that time, the immensity of the problem which confronted us could hardly be overestimated.

It is impossible here to follow the soldierly narrative of the efficient work done by the separate armies, divisions, and corps of the American troops. To each their commanding general moderately and quietly assigns its due share of the total work. Cantigny, Château Thierry, Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, the second battle of the Marne—all these are recorded with precision. So also is the brilliant fighting of the Second Corps (27th and 30th Divisions), which helped the British to break the Hin-

denburg Line. Properly enough, most emphasis is laid on our offensive in the region of the Argonne Forest and the Meuse River. This was prolonged, difficult, exhausting; it was less sudden and sensational than some of the other work of our Army; but it occupied a month of continuous fighting and involved terrible losses. More than anything else our Army did it helped to crush and worst the German army and make German defeat inevitable.

Secretary Baker recapitulates facts now well known as to our enlistment, shipping of men abroad, and equipment. Two things only strike one in the report as new and important. One is the Secretary's statement that it is impossible to take up the question of permanent army organization now because "the military needs of the United States cannot be prudently assessed until that Conference shall have determined the future international relations of the world."

The other point of special interest is the convincing evidence of the value of the Browning machine gun, which does not, however, at all militate against the criticism that other machine guns recognized as excellent should have been manufactured during the long period of experimentation with the Browning gun.

As to airplanes, the Secretary states that 1,900 planes had been shipped to France before the armistice, while the French Government had provided 2,676 planes for American use. We may add to General Pershing's praise of our troops in the Argonne Secretary Baker's remark that the meeting of French and American troops at the historic city of Sedan on November 7 "signalized the defeat of the German arms, a defeat as decisive and humiliating as that forced upon France forty-seven years before at the same spot."

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Mr. Daniels's report is marked by a vivid account of the work of the American Marines at Château Thierry and Belleau Wood on the western front. Mr. Daniels is justly proud of the Marines and their accomplishments. The benefits of the drill in rifle shooting in our training camps and cantonments are strikingly set forth:

Their sharpshooting—and in one regiment ninety-three per cent of the men wore the medal of a marksman, a sharpshooter, or an expert rifleman—has amazed the soldiers of European armies, accustomed merely to shooting in the general direction of the enemy. Under the fiercest fire they have calmly adjusted their sights, aimed for their man and killed him, and in bayonet attacks their advance on machine-gun nests have been irresistible.

The story of what these men did during the past summer cannot be epitomized. It ought to be read in its entirety, and the Secretary's report may doubtless be obtained by writing directly to the Department or to one's Congressman or Senator. The Secretary also reviews with grateful appreciation and proper pride the achievements of the Navy itself. He shows that on October 1 of this year there were 338 United States naval ships abroad, with five thousand officers and seventy thousand enlisted men. This force of ships and men is greater than the total force of the entire Navy at the outbreak of the war.

The growth and accomplishments of the United States Navy under the administration of Secretary Daniels have filled the country with satisfaction and pride. To use the vernacular of the street, Mr. Daniels has "made good," and the country will therefore listen with respect and probably approval and assent to his recommendation that construction and extension in the Navy be maintained. It is the first line of defense, and even if a successful League of Nations is established, a large and strong

American Navy will be of prime importance as a constructive factor in maintaining both peace and the trade, arts, and public works of peace.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Mr. McAdoo, the retiring Secretary of the Treasury, deals with the "stupendous financial needs of America and the nations associated with her in the prosecution of the war." The United States has performed its share of this gigantic task with unprecedented success.

"The payment into the Treasury of vast sums in war taxes and from bond sales, and the transformation of our varied and complex economic life to the supreme task of winning the war, have been accomplished without shock or financial disturbance. The credit and business structure of the Nation remain sound and strong."

In supporting the Liberty Loans the American people, says Mr. McAdoo, have pursued a policy of thrift and sound economy which will mean much in our National and social life.

"The hope is earnestly expressed that with the return of peace the American people will continue to foster the habits of thrift and avoidance of waste. The happiness and prosperity of every people, individually and collectively, rest upon their ability to save more than they spend. The campaign for war savings should have a permanent effect in stimulating and encouraging peace savings. The habit of thrift is one of the benefits of the war that must be permanently secured to the American people."

The sale of War Savings Stamps has been as significant as the subscription to the Liberty Loan. Up to November 1, 1918, the Government had sold for cash over eight hundred million dollars' worth of these stamps.

Another gigantic undertaking of the Treasury Department has been that of the insurance of ships, cargoes, and seamen. The scope of this undertaking is realized by an interesting comparison. On January 1, 1918, the total "ordinary life insurance in force in all American companies both here and abroad was only \$21,315,000,000," while on October 31 of this year the Government had nearly thirty-six billion dollars of life insurance in force. In marine insurance—that is, the insurance on vessels and cargoes—for the four years ending June 30, 1918, the Government had paid and incurred losses amounting to about \$35,000,000. It had received in premiums over \$43,000,000. This Department is therefore in very sound condition financially.

We have never quite understood why the health of the people of the United States should be in charge of the Treasury, unless it may be that public health is considered, as it ought to be, one of the greatest of our assets. At all events, the United States Public Health Service is one of the important bureaus of the Treasury Department. It oversees the health and sanitation of all great industrial plants having contracts with the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department, and it does a great amount of work in the way of scientific investigation and of reporting means of prevention of disease and arresting epidemics.

The collection of customs, revenue, and income taxes is a great undertaking in itself, and entails the receipt, tabulation, and bookkeeping of inconceivably large sums of money. To the taxpayer one of the pleasantest things about the Treasury report is that the Secretary suggests that the amount to be raised by taxation for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, eight billion dollars, can now, as the war is over, be reduced to six billion dollars, and that for the year 1920 the Government should provide for taxation of about four billion dollars. This recommendation of a welcome reduction in taxes has been approved by the President.

THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

To many people the most striking feature in the Secretary of Agriculture's report will be his summary of what we have done in production. As he says, it is one thing to ask a man to save, it is another to ask him, confronted as he is by the chances of the market and the risk of loss from disease, flood, and drought, to put his labor and capital into the production of food, feeds, and the raw material for clothing.

As size of harvest is thus not always the measure of the

farmers' efforts to secure increased production, those efforts are better indicated in terms of planting acreage. During the first year of our participation in the war the farmers planted in the leading cereals and in cotton, potatoes, and tobacco some 22,000,000 acres more than in the preceding year, and during the present year nearly 6,000,000 acres over that previous record year, the total acreage being nearly 290,000,000 acres.

The aggregate yield of the leading cereals in each of these years exceeded that of any preceding year in the Nation's history except 1915.

While, on the basis of recently prevailing prices, the value of all the 1918 crops and live stock is estimated at no less than \$24,700,000,000, as compared with \$21,325,000,000 for 1917 and \$15,800,000,000 for 1916, the startling increase does not mean, the Secretary pertinently points out, that "the Nation is better off to that extent." It only means that "the monetary returns to the farmers have been increased proportionately with those of other groups of producers in the Nation, and that their purchasing power has kept pace in the rising scale of prices."

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

One fact reported by the Postmaster-General will be greeted by the average reader with a mixture of surprise and pleasure. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, the Post Office Department made a profit of twenty million dollars. The Postmaster-General does not say why, in view of these figures, the postal rates on letters and on newspapers have been so strikingly increased. Perhaps it was because he feared that the increased cost of labor, material, and transportation would during the current year wipe out this handsome profit. The Post Office is one of the departments of the Government that pays its own way. If, in a budget system, the other departments of the Government, including Congress, were charged for the postage they expended and the Post Office was thereby credited with the work which it does for the other departments, the profitable nature of our Post Office service would be made still more clear. It would be a very simple matter to issue stamps to all Government departments and employees now using the franking privilege, and thus find out exactly the amount of work which the Post Office is doing for other branches of the Government, work for which it now gets no credit whatever.

The ordinary observer will have noticed that there has been a great improvement in the public post offices of the country and in the appearance of the wagons and motor trucks carrying the mails in our large cities. Formerly mail-carrying by wagons was entirely done under contract, and the contractors naturally made their equipment as cheap as possible. The result was that a few years ago the wagons bearing the legend "United States Mail" and the horses that hauled them were often disreputable and mortifying to the American who takes pride in the outward appearance of Governmental activities. The Postmaster-General reports that the policy of "Government-owned city motor-vehicle service" has been steadily extended. The Department now owns and operates in twelve large cities of the country a total of 1,004 automobile trucks which require "the services of approximately 1,200 persons employed as mechanics, chauffeurs, garage men, supervisory officials, and clerks." The Outlook is in favor of this kind of Government operation, and hopes it will rapidly be substituted for cheap contract work. Neatness and beauty in all material aspects of Government activities constitute a real factor in promoting respect for and pride in the Government among the citizens.

The Postal Savings System has steadily grown. The deposits for the year amounted to nearly one hundred and fifty million dollars, and were received at more than six thousand post-office branches and stations. The amount that a single depositor may have to his credit in the Postal Savings Bank has been increased from \$1,000 to \$2,500. The Postal Savings Bank has more than justified itself, and it is interesting now to look back only a few years to the time when American bankers as a class opposed the establishment of the system on the ground that it was going to hurt the banking business. As a matter of fact, the system has proved to be a great promoter of thrift, and therefore a great feeder of the banks.

One of the newer, most serviceable, and most interesting

branches of the Post Office is the Rural Mail Service. It will astonish some of our readers to learn how large a proportion of the people of the United States are directly benefited by this service. During the last post-office year more than twenty-seven million persons, or six million families, were served by rural carriers, at a cost of fifty-three million dollars. It is sometimes said that the Government is incapable of business administration and that all business functions should be left to private individuals. The Postal Savings Bank and the Rural Mail Delivery go far to refute this general contention.

Not one of the least interesting functions of the Post Office Department is its suppression of swindlers and vicious, fraudulent, or illegal advertisements by the denial of the mail privilege to these enemies of social order. This is done by a careful system of inspection, and even where fraud orders closing the mail to such violators are not issued the warning given by examination or investigation is often sufficient to put a stop to the irregular practices.

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

The country has come to expect a very readable report from Secretary Lane, who, although a lawyer by profession and a Government executive of wide and long experience, received his earliest training as a daily newspaper man. His present report will not disappoint that expectation. In addition to the interesting and important facts and figures concerning the ordinary yearly, monthly, and daily duties of the Department of the Interior in this report, Secretary Lane lays emphasis upon two concrete suggestions. The first concerns our returning soldiers:

Out of every mouth and from every heart will come the words, "Well, home sure looks good to me!"

They will be looking at us, too! And in their look will be a query, one thought over in the trench at night, and on the long, slow "slog, slog, slog" of the day's march: "What is my life to be when I get home? Am I to go hustling for a job or will the old place be mine? But if a girl has that place and wishes to be her own mistress in the future—what then? School? Oh, I can't go back to school. When I left I was only twenty-one, but now I'm thirty-one. And I have lived with men, fought with them, been sometimes bested by them, learned to know them in all their many littlenesses and their great goodnesses. Responsibility has been mine, and the still silences of the night have given me chance to think and wonder why I am and why it should make any difference whether I ever saw home again or not. I am back now, back for a man's life. This America that called me out has called me back, and it will have something for me to do. Now, what is to be my chance?" This will be implied in the look that they give us as we hold them by both shoulders to find the mark of war upon their young faces. And what is to be our answer? What answer is due them, and what answer is worthy of us?

What is to be done for these soldiers? Secretary Lane suggests a large extension of the Reclamation Service, not only in the Far West but on the Atlantic seaboard. He would have the Government take up the policy of an intensive cultivation of the unirrigated lands of the Far West and the cut-over, uncultivated, and swamp lands of the Middle West and the Atlantic seaboard. There are literally millions upon millions of acres of such lands in the United States which can be made productive under a proper system of engineering and reclamation. Capital put into such reclamation would not be profitable as a private investment. But the Government could undertake this work, spending upon it some millions as it has spent other millions in warfare, and giving our returned soldiers the kind of pioneer, outdoor, productive, vigorous work for which their tastes and desires have been trained during their war experience. It is a man's job. And we have now a couple of million men fitted to undertake it. It is a big vision, and not at all an impractical plan. We hope that Congress and the country will take up its serious consideration and follow Mr. Lane's leadership in carrying it out.

The second suggestion which Mr. Lane emphasizes with deep interest and concern is the work of Americanization. The need of this work Mr. Lane puts eloquently and startlingly in a series of questions:

There can be neither National unity in ideals nor in purpose unless there is some common method of communication

through which may be conveyed the thought of the Nation. All Americans must be taught to read and write and *think* in one language; this is a primary condition to that growth which all nations expect of us and which we demand of ourselves.

What should be said of a world-leading democracy wherein ten per cent of the adult population cannot read the laws which they are presumed to know?

What should be said of a democracy which sends an army to preach democracy wherein there was drafted out of the first 2,000,000 men a total of 200,000 men who could not read their orders, or understand them when delivered, or read the letters sent them from home?

What should be said of a democracy which calls upon its citizens to consider the wisdom of forming a league of nations, of passing judgment upon a code which will insure the freedom of the seas, or of sacrificing the daily stint of wheat or meat for the benefit of the Rumanians or the Jugoslavs, when eighteen per cent of the coming citizens of that democracy do not go to school?

What should be said of a democracy in which one of its sovereign States expends a grand total of \$6 per year per child for sustaining its public school system?

What should be said of a democracy which is challenged by the world to prove the superiority of its system of government over those discarded, and yet is compelled to reach many millions of its people through papers printed in some foreign language?

What should be said of a democracy which expends in a year twice as much for chewing-gum as for school-books, more for automobiles than for all primary and secondary education, and in which the average teacher's salary is less than that of the average day laborer?

What should be said of a democracy which permits tens of thousands of its native-born children to be taught American history in a foreign language—the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech in German and other tongues?

What should be said of a democracy which permits men and women to work in masses where they seldom or never hear a word of English spoken?

Yet this is all true of the United States of America in this year of grace 1918, wherein was fought the second Battle of the Marne and the Battle of the Argonne Forest.

The cure for this condition, the machinery for Americanization, is to be found in our schools, and "if we once realize that education is not solely a State matter, but a National concern, the way is open."

Dr. Joseph H. Odell, well known to our readers as a contributor to these columns, whose articles sent to The Outlook from the western front made a real impression, has suggested that our training camps and cantonments could be turned with comparative ease into Americanization training schools. Perhaps the National Government might do something in this direction. At all events, Congress and the people ought to see to it, and see to it promptly, that a National policy of education in which the so-called vocational and the so-called cultural are combined is framed and adopted and carried out systematically. The young men of the country want it. The education of our training camps has proved to be superb in its practical fruits and in the enthusiasm it has aroused among the men. There are two products of the war which we ought not to let sink into "innocuous desuetude." One is the spirit of thrift which has been brought out by the Liberty Loan campaigns; the other is the enthusiasm for education which has been developed by our training camps.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

The new Secretary of the Treasury adds, it is true, a Southerner to an Administration which has been repeatedly and increasingly blamed for its Southern overweight. But there has not been, so far as we know, one word uttered in adverse criticism of the appointment of Carter Glass to the second position in the Cabinet.

The explanation is perfectly evident. It is because Mr. Glass's services have earned for him the confidence of financial and business interests throughout the entire country.

Mr. Glass (a portrait of whom appears on another page) is almost sixty-one years old. He was born at Lynchburg, Virginia, was educated in the public and private schools there, learned the printing trade, and served for years in the mechan-

ical department of a printing office. He became a newspaper man, and is now the owner of the "Daily News," the Lynchburg morning paper, and of the "Daily Advance," the afternoon paper.

In 1899 Mr. Glass entered political life as a member of the Virginia State Senate, where he remained for four years. He was also a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention. He was elected as Representative from the Sixth District of Virginia to the Fifty-seventh and all succeeding Congresses, and on November 5 was elected a member of the coming Congress.

For the past six years Mr. Glass has been Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency. In this capacity he played a vital part in the formulation and passage of the Federal Reserve Act—one of the most useful pieces of legislation ever put through by Congress.

Mr. Glass's familiarity with banking, currency, taxation, and other economic problems give him proper qualifications for the great office to which he has been nominated. The confirmation of such a man by the Senate should follow without delay.

Mr. McAdoo's retirement as Secretary of the Treasury has been regretted by political foes as well as by political friends. But, if it had to come, the country is to be congratulated on an experienced, efficient, and patriotic successor.

GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATIONS

It is a well-known principle of common law that not even a criminal should be condemned without a trial by a jury of his peers and an opportunity of defending himself in open court. This principle should be scrupulously observed by the Government and all Government officials. For a verbal indictment or an implied charge of questionable conduct made by the Government carries enormous weight.

Two instances have recently occurred within our experience that suggest these reflections. In the investigation at Washington of the alleged pro-German activities of the United States Brewers' Association, the statement was made that the brewers had "put it over" some reputable periodicals, including *The Outlook* and its highly decorous contemporary, the "Atlantic Monthly," by getting them to publish, unsuspected, some articles purporting to be written by independent thinkers of reputation, but actually prepared in the interests of the pro-German brewers. As far as *The Outlook* is concerned, there are no facts to justify such an implication. We have written to the authorities at Washington, asking for the basis of this charge, but have obtained no reply.

In the same Senatorial investigation of the vicious pro-German propaganda a representative of the Department of Justice has made public a list of names of American public men who, according to the allegations of Ambassador Bernstorff's agents, had pro-German sympathies. With the issuance of this list there was no qualifying statement saying that the opinion was that of the Ambassador's spies and not the opinion of the United States Government. Some of the men on this list have been notoriously pro-German, but some of them have been exactly the opposite; and whether the inclusion of their names by Ambassador Bernstorff's agents was a vicious attempt to smirch them or was simply another illustration of the dense and obtuse Prussian mind we have no means of knowing. One man on the list has been closely associated with *The Outlook*—Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard.

Professor Hart, we know, has been pro-Ally and anti-German from the very beginning. He contributed to these pages a series of articles in the autumn of 1914 which, while neutral and historical at our request, clearly indicate that he saw then the real fundamental conflict between the civilization of liberalism, as represented by France, and the civilization of militarism, as represented by Prussia. Since our entry into the war Professor Hart has worked by voice and by pen constantly and with self-sacrifice for the cause of liberty as represented by the United States and its allies. Professor Hart has asked for the right to appear before the Senatorial Committee under whose investigation the implication of his German sympathies was published, in order to defend himself against what is one of the most absurd

charges of the war, and would be a comic charge if the ordinary newspaper reader understood that it was not made by the Government but was a bit of backstairs intriguing gossip on the part of a thoroughly discredited Ambassador. So good a judge of American loyalty as Theodore Roosevelt has sent the following telegram to Professor Hart:

In all the United States there has been no more single-minded, aggressively loyal, and deeply practical American than you throughout your life have proven yourself to be. Heartiest good wishes to you and your wife and your two gallant boys in the Army.

Professor Hart is perfectly competent to defend himself and will doubtless do so, but we think it right to say this in his behalf in this place because of the valuable work which he has done and is now doing in *The Outlook* to throw light for our readers upon some of the complicated issues of the war.

FEDERALIZING THE BRITISH EMPIRE

A fortnight before the actual signing of the armistice with Germany a call went out from London to the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire, and to the Government of India as well, for the immediate attendance of representatives at important sessions of the Imperial Cabinet. Four years before, the outbreak of war had been the occasion of a splendid demonstration of the actual solidarity of sentiment of the loosely knit collection of practically independent states known as the British Empire. The close of the war shows what strides have been made in four years towards the federalization of the widely scattered territories owing allegiance to the British crown. There was no time in 1914 for consultation by the British Government with the Governments of the British commonwealths overseas; but had there been time there was then no constitutional machinery for the purpose. The Government of the chief of the British commonwealths declared war on behalf of the whole Empire. To-day, as a result of the constitutional changes which have come in the interval, all the self-governing portions of the Empire, and India as well, have their say in the framing of the conditions which are to be exacted from a beaten foe at the Peace Conference at Versailles.

At the special sessions of the Imperial Cabinet the policy of the Empire's representatives at the Peace Conference has been debated. In all probability, one or more of the overseas statesmen will attend the meetings at Versailles. In any event, overseas opinion will find expression there.

From Canada have gone Sir Robert Borden and several of his colleagues. Australia is represented by Premier W. M. Hughes and Sir Joseph Cook; New Zealand, by Premier W. F. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward; Newfoundland, by W. F. Lloyd; South Africa, by General Botha and General Smuts, less than twenty years ago the leaders against Great Britain in the Boer War, but now yielding to none in their devotion to the ideal of a united Empire; India, by Sir Satyendra Sinha.

Admittedly the representation of the overseas dominions in the Imperial Cabinet is a makeshift arrangement made in the hurry and heat of the great war. What further changes are to come in the constitutional development of a federalized British Empire the near future will tell. One thing only is certain: Canada, Australia, and the other dominions have a new consciousness of nationality and national responsibility as a result of their part in the war, and some permanent method must soon be found for the expression of their opinion on matters affecting the entire Empire.

CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN

Canada's "Victory Loan" was an unqualified success. Officially, the objective was \$300,000,000, but no secret was made of the fact that the Government hoped to secure \$500,000,000. The amount secured falls just short of \$700,000,000, from considerably more than a million individual subscribers. All the provinces exceeded their objectives.

Population and financial resources considered, Canada's achievement probably establishes a record. The population of the country cannot be more than 7,500,000 to-day; the sub-

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

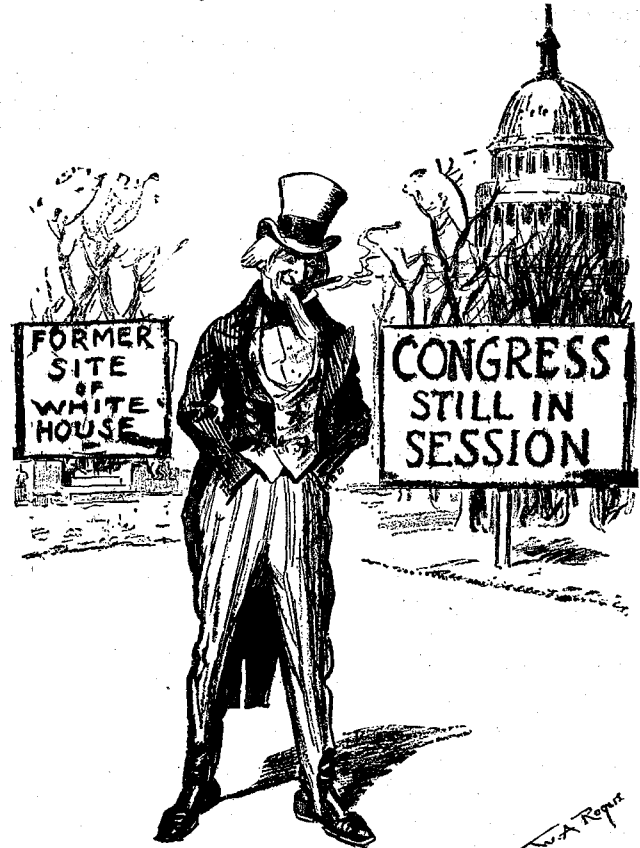
Kirby in the New York World



THE POSSE

CAN THE FUGITIVE ESCAPE JUSTICE?

Rogers in the New York Herald



AS LONG AS YOUR UNCLE SAMUEL AND THE CAPITOL ARE LEFT
WE MAY KICK ALONG

THE PRESIDENT HAS LEFT THE COUNTRY, BUT—

From the Passing Show (London)



THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY

"First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill."—O. W. Holmes.

AN ENGLISH ILLUSTRATION FOR AN AMERICAN CLASSIC

From Nebelspalter (Zurich, Switzerland)



"What is that crowd doing?"
"Reading a medical notice urging people not to congregate together."

Fisher in London Opinion



Charwoman (chatting with Parliamentary Candidate): "Yes, mum, this war's got a lot to answer for, ain't it? Wot with the air raids and the U-boats and the 'flu—and now women in Parliament!"

scription is therefore about \$90 per capita. Canadians are pointing with justifiable pride to the fact that they have done even better, therefore, than their big neighbor, with whom they are always in friendly rivalry.

Before the war practically all large Canadian loans—Government, municipal, and corporation—were placed in Great Britain. The Dominion was a heavy borrower, an average of nearly \$300,000,000 per annum being obtained in the London market for several years prior to 1914. These large sums were required during an era of great development, during which the balance of trade was heavily against Canada. When war closed the London market, Canada turned to New York, and large loans were placed in the United States. When America entered the war, Canada had to rely upon her own financial resources. The tremendous export trade which the war had brought to Canada made the financing of Canadian loans in Canada comparatively easy. All told, and including this last loan, the Dominion Government has obtained from Canadian sources more than \$1,600,000,000.

The money has been used not merely to pay for Canada's own war expenditures but to provide credits for Great Britain for the purchase in Canada of foodstuffs and munitions. Canada has now a very substantial credit with the British Government.

PROSTITUTION: SUPPRESSION VS. REGULATION

In every army the question of disease resulting from sexual vice is of serious importance, if only from the point of view of effectiveness. It is immensely to the credit of the Surgeon-General of our Army, of General Pershing, and of the Commission on Training Camp Activities that in this war they have fought the evil fairly and squarely. In the face of skepticism they have believed in and enforced prohibition, repression, education, and punishment as opposed to toleration, inspection, and regulation. The results, as pointed out by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick in an article in the "New Republic," have been excellent. In this country there was no open opposition; the difficulties to be contended with were chiefly those relating to men on leave of absence and the dangers of large cities. The vicinity of a camp was kept safe by stern and rigorous authority. The measures were thorough, and without parallel, says Mr. Fosdick, in any other country. But in France for generations the view has obtained that prohibition was impossible, that the only alleviation was through license of houses and constant inspection of registered inmates. "So sincerely did they hold this belief that prostitution facilities for our soldiers were officially offered to our High Command."

General Pershing would have none of this. He issued the strictest orders to his officers; he even told his commanders that their reports and statistics on this subject would be used as "a basis in determining the commander's efficiency and the suitability of his continuing in command." One commander accepted the offer to take over a licensed house for American use; General Pershing at once put it "out of bounds" and removed the commander. An order urging sexual continence and the maintenance of high moral standards of living was followed by search for brothels, the stationing of military police to refuse access to whole districts which had been put out of bounds, the enforcing of scientific treatment of men who had been exposed, punishment for all who evaded treatment or disobeyed prohibitory regulations.

Even the French skepticism was shaken by the results. In one base port where the houses had been open for three months and were then closed for three months the rate of disease cases fell from sixteen to two per thousand men. The total per cent of sexual disease in our army, here and overseas, has been almost negligible as compared with other army records. In France three 1,000-bed hospitals had been prepared for venereal patients; it was expected that they would be filled by a certain date in accordance with the statistics of past experience. *They were not used at all*; instead in that time three hundred cases only were treated, mostly in regimental and field infirmaries. In one body of 7,401 men only one case of venereal disease developed in seven weeks.

General Pershing, in a letter to Lord Milner, has recorded his conviction that "abolition as distinguished from regulation

is the only effective mode of combating this age-long evil." And in urging co-operation between the Governments to this end he speaks feelingly of "the menace to the young manhood in the army forces" and urges military and civil co-operation on the common ground of humanity and in accordance with the well-considered conclusions of the best scientific minds.

Mr. Fosdick pays a high tribute to General Pershing and our military authorities generally when he says: "When the history of America's participation in the great war comes to be written, no finer achievement will be recorded to her credit than the unending battle against sex indulgence and venereal disease in the army."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Monsignor Sigourney W. Fay lectured on Monday, December 9, before the League for Political Education in New York City. He went abroad during the war as a representative both of the Red Cross and of Cardinal Gibbons. During his visit to Europe he was received by the Pope, and his account of the Pope's approval of a League of Nations may be regarded as semi-official. It is thus reported in the New York "Times":

Monsignor Fay concluded by saying that as head of the Catholic Church the Pope should have a voice in guaranteeing a permanent peace. He said the Pope had three points in mind: first, the League of Nations; second, disarmament of nations to such a point that no one would dare to start war; and, last, a court of international appeals with coercive powers. Given these, the world would continue to enjoy the blessings of peace, declared the speaker.

Giving "coercive powers" to an international court presents in two words the difficulty and the problem. Will the Great Powers consent to create another Power, international in its character, and give it the means to compel obedience to its mandates, and, if it does not give it the means to enforce obedience, will its decrees be of any real value? It is announced from London that Lloyd George on the same date declared himself in favor of a League of Nations, but the report does not indicate that he has expressed any opinion respecting giving to it "coercive powers." And it is announced from Paris that it is expected that the Allied delegates will decide whether the organization of a League shall be elaborated at the Peace Congress or left to a further conference. We should have better hope of a permanent and effective League if at the Peace Congress a Council of the five Great Powers—France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States—should be created to take into consideration the question of organizing such a League, and it should be provided that in this Council elected members of the legislative bodies in each of these states should sit, in order to give reasonable assurance that the report would represent the public opinion of the various nations. This method would probably expedite a wise decision because it would give time not only for the Council to reach a decision but also for the public to reach the Council.

THE INVASION OF AMERICA BY FRANCE

The American Council on Education represents practically all the leading National education associations in this country. Through the Council's agency there has now been and is being placed in American colleges and universities a group of disabled French soldiers in order that they may carry on their studies in American institutions. The men were sent by the French Government. They range in age from twenty-four to twenty-seven years, and are nearly all students of particular practical subjects, such as agriculture, engineering, medicine, law. One of the men is a Catholic priest. They all wear the French uniform. At least half of them have been decorated with from one to three medals for bravery. Needless to say, our college authorities and our students have enthusiastically received such men.

An equally interesting endeavor of the American Council on Education has been the placing of no less than one hundred and thirteen young French women who have come to America to carry on their studies in our colleges and universities. These young women have carried on advanced studies at the Sorbonne and elsewhere in France. They are all of college grade, and are

classified in our higher institutions all the way from college freshmen to accepted candidates for a doctor's degree. They all have a working knowledge of English. They were selected in France by a committee of American women assisted by officials from the French Ministry of Public Instruction. The French Government assisted in paying their bills.

The American Council on Education also has charge of the itineraries of the two distinguished educational missions now traveling in the United States. One of these is the British Educational Mission, headed by Dr. Arthur Everett Shipley, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and composed of leading educationists, both men and women, representing the Universities of Oxford, Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, and Birmingham, and Bedford College.

The other mission is the French Educational Mission; it is headed by Dr. Theodore Reinach, a lieutenant-colonel in the French army and editor of the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," that important French review dealing with the study of ancient and modern art. There are seven *savants* in this mission, representing an equal number of the most highly developed phases of French life.

Such missions as these, giving Americans opportunity to learn about English and French educational methods through representative scholars, will, we are sure, strengthen the ties, now so sharply emphasized by the war, between America and England, America and France, and particularly between our own universities on the one hand and those of England and France on the other.

AN ISLAND CINDERELLA

Fair Hawaii, scantily noticed by our press and people, seems to be our Cinderella. Yet she has been doing much, and now is undertaking much more, entitling her to public esteem. Besides her 4,200 in Schofield Barracks drafted for the war, she overtopped her quota of \$215,000 for the Fourth Liberty Loan with a subscription of \$295,000.

We know the strategic worth of her commanding position in the North Pacific as our Government's naval outpost. Hawaii herself undertakes to be an educational base of moral, religious, and economic light and leading in the vast Mediterranean of the modern world. Already started and now developing are her Mid-Pacific Institute to educate men and women of Oriental nations for Christian leadership and her Pan-Pacific Commercial College, each contributed to by various Pacific Powers.

For this wide work Hawaii's high schools, seminaries, colleges, and churches make a substantial base. Churches abound; the Congregational list includes 106, besides others in the Protestant membership of 27,000, constituting one-sixth of Hawaii's population. Roman Catholics number 30,000, Buddhists 55,000, Confucianists 25,000, Mormons 6,000, all in a territory as small as Connecticut. Her schools and churches, together with the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., are blending Americans, native Hawaiians, Europeans, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and Filipinos into a composite citizenship unprecedented in history.

For these facts The Outlook is indebted to the "oldest newspaper west of the Rockies," "The Friend," a monthly established at Honolulu seventy-five years ago by New England missionaries. A journal of Christian civilization, and devoted to the vital interests of Hawaii's interracial citizenship, it is in itself a mid-Pacific institute and a source of enlightenment needed in all our States.

AN APPEAL FOR THE BELGIAN PROTESTANTS

During the war some persons expressed hesitation as to the value of the various forms of relief, adding that they would give with enthusiasm to the work of reconstruction after the war.

The Outlook would call the attention of the Protestants among these critics to a special opportunity in this direction. It is to help the Protestants in Belgium.

"Protestants in Belgium? Why, I thought that, of all countries, it was the most Catholic." This has been the exclamation when the claims of Protestantism in Belgium have been put

forth. And at first blush it would seem as if Belgium were, of all countries, the most Catholic. Yet there are Protestant churches there with their old Huguenot parentage, churches of immense strategic importance at any time, but particularly at this time.

The stronger of these churches have been in the devastated regions. Their buildings—the church edifices, the mission halls, the manses—have been destroyed. But, with true Huguenot spirit, religious and relief work has been carried on in the midst of the surrounding chaos.

These churches appeal to us here through the Franco-Belgian Committee, which represents the Protestant churches of Belgium and northern France. Americans may be surprised and pleased to learn that the Committee controls no less than 439 churches and missionary stations, with 135 pastors and evangelists besides many lay workers and deaconesses. As fighting has taken place all along the line of these churches and mission stations, as thousands of homes have been destroyed, and as thousands of non-combatants, men, women, and children, have been killed, the orphans and widows and old men, the wives and children of deported Belgians and prisoners, are turning to their pastors and churches for help.

The religious as well as the relief work aims to reach every town and village of Belgium. Services are held in chapels and halls, and, where they are gone, in the cottages of the working people and in the open air. A great spiritual awakening is taking place, for the ministry of the Protestant churches is coming home close to many non-Protestants—not Catholics, but to many who are indifferent or hostile to all religion.

The delegate of the Protestant Belgians in this country is the Rev. Dr. Henri Anet, of Clabecq, near Waterloo, who springs from a sturdy stock of pastors and missionaries, his family having been associated with the evangelization of Belgium for three-quarters of a century. Dr. Anet has also explored the Belgian Congo, an enterprise which led to the formation of the Belgian Congo Mission. As the official representative in Belgium of the American Congo Missions, he has for years greatly helped our missionaries in their relations with the Belgian Government. Dr. Anet (the value of whose presentation of Belgian needs is doubled by his wife's eloquence) speaks for the Belgian pastors. Some of them receive only a dollar a day. Many of them have been at the front as chaplains or in actual service. The enthusiasm born of the war inspires them to new effort. But they must be upheld. The Belgian church faces a heavy deficit. Why should not American Protestants spring to the assistance of their Belgian brothers? Checks may be made payable to the order of Edmond E. Robert, 3 Maiden Lane, New York City.

INDUSTRIAL INJUSTICE

FIVE PROPOSED REMEDIES

A MAN sends for the doctor. He comes and examines the patient. He feels his pulse, takes his temperature, examines his tongue and his eyes, sounds his chest, and then says to him: "You have some fever, you sneeze and cough, your head aches, your limbs ache, you do not sleep very well, and you have not much appetite. You are a sick man, and if you do not take some remedies and make some radical change in your habits of life, I will not answer for the consequences."

And then he goes away.

In the past our social reformers have in a considerable measure imitated such a doctor. In many of their books two-thirds or three-quarters of the space has been taken up in describing the evils of the present industrial system. A chapter at the end has been deemed sufficient to suggest a remedy. Perhaps this was necessary. The theologians have told us that there can be no repentance and reformation without conviction of sin. Perhaps it was necessary to wake up a sleeping community to the evils of the present industrial system before offering a cure or remedy. If so, it is necessary no longer.

For the war has demonstrated the inability of our industrial system to endure in a time of national peril. That system has gone to pieces absolutely in Russia; not even the founda-

tions are left. It totters to its fall in Germany; no mere shoring up of the shaken walls will suffice. In England and the United States it is dislocated, whether beyond hope of repair remains to be seen. Our banking system has gone through the war without disaster. Not so our industrial system. The old methods of conducting our great organized industries—our factories, our mines, our railways, our food and coal distribution—have been for the time abandoned. Every one recognizes the fact that these industries must be reconstructed. The necessity and the difficulty of such reconstruction was the most important theme in the President's last Message to the American people on the day before he sailed for Europe. The most serious objection to his departure was that the Nation must enter upon this work of reconstruction in the absence of their National leader. But, with or without a leader, the problems of industrial reconstruction must be solved *by* the people, not *for* the people. To give our readers some aid in this problem we place before them here a brief summary of the principal solutions which have been suggested by thinkers in the past.¹

The earliest condition of labor is slavery. The capitalist owns the laborer.

The next condition is feudalism. The capitalist owns the land; the laborer is attached to the land. He owes the capitalist service; the capitalist owes him protection.

Next in the evolution of industry comes the "wages system." A few own all the tools and implements of organized industry; the many employ these tools in the production of the things necessary for human comfort. The tool-owners are called capitalists; the tool-users are called laborers. The tool-owner pays wages to the tool-user for his work. What he shall pay and how long the employment shall last depend upon the agreement the two may make.

This was a great improvement on feudalism, as feudalism was a great improvement on slavery. And so long as the tool-owner was an individual and the laborer was an individual it worked, if not always justly, at least generally peaceably. But two great discoveries have brought about a revolution in the nature of labor and the conditions of the laborer: one, the discovery of steam and the invention of machinery; the other, the creation of organized labor and division of labor. The stage-coach disappears and the railway takes its place; the spinning-wheel and the hand loom disappear from the home, and the spinning jenny and the power loom take their place. The thrifty combine their earnings to build the railway and the factory. Thus organized capital grows up. The laborers are combined in industrial groups to operate the railways and the factories. Thus organized labor grows up. The individual laborer cannot make his bargain on equal terms with organized capital, so the laborers combine as the capitalists have already combined. Trades unions are organized. Both capitalists and laborers have their officers—the one, captains of industry; the other, labor leaders—and collective bargaining becomes the custom in most organized industries. The wages system still continues. Society, once organized into two classes (first masters and slaves, then feudal lords and feudal tenants), is still organized into two classes (tool-owners or capitalists and tool-users or laborers), and both classes are organized because the work is carried on upon such a scale and by such methods that only by organized capital and organized labor can it be carried on at all.

The more important remedies which have been suggested for the evils incident to or inherent in this wages system are involved in the five remedies briefly, and therefore of necessity inadequately, described below, or in some combination of these five proposed remedies. We endeavor to describe them as their advocates would describe them, without expressing either approval or criticism.

I. The wages system, with its organization of capital and labor, is essential to civilization. The evils of our time are not inherent in the wages system; they are only abuses connected with it. The remedy is a spirit of justice and fair dealing among the laborers toward their employers, and among the employers toward their laborers. This includes such correction of evils as

the abolition of child labor, the maintenance of sanitary conditions in mines and factories, better housing of the laborers, reasonable hours, a living wage, libraries and amusement centers, and general welfare work. If difficulties still arise between employers and employed, they can be settled by conciliation and arbitration.

II. The democratic organization of the laborers, and the full and cordial recognition of their right to unite in trade unions for the protection of their rights and the promotion of their interests: this involves their right to combine and cease from work if the conditions of their work are not satisfactory—that is, to strike; and to cease from purchasing the goods of an objectionable factory—that is, to boycott. In other words, if society recognizes freedom of contract between groups of laborers and groups of capitalists, as it has always recognized freedom of contract between the individual capitalist and the individual laborer, substantial justice will be secured for both employers and employed. The laborer does not ask for generosity; he asks for justice. Give him the right in combination which he has always possessed as an individual and he can secure justice for himself.

III. The land is the source of all wealth. The land is not a proper subject for private ownership. Man did not create the iron and copper and gold in the mines, nor the forests, nor the water power, nor the prairies. All industrial injustice can be traced to the fact that society has allowed the energetic, the enterprising, and the unscrupulous to get possession of this unearned wealth. The community should resume the ownership which it never ought to have lost. This it can do without any revolution. All that is necessary is that the State or the Nation assume that the people are the rightful owners of the land and its contents, and that the present possessors are not owners but tenants, and then fix a tax on the land such as a tenant ought to pay for possessing and enjoying its use, as the ground rents are paid to the heirs of John Jacob Astor in New York City and rents are paid by tenant farmers for their farms in New England or Minnesota. The land tax should be the equivalent of a fair rental for the land in the place where it is situated—it might be ten dollars a foot in New York City and ten dollars an acre in Minnesota. If this were done, the people would get the full value of the raw material with which their heavenly Father has stored the earth; and they who turned this raw material into the finished product for the consumers' use would get a fair compensation for their industry.

IV. The State or Political Socialist does not agree with the single-taxer. He does not think it is enough for the community to own the land. It should own, control, and operate all organized industries. Individual ownership and *individual* industry would not necessarily be interfered with; but all *organized* industries—the mines, the forests, the manufacturing, the railways, the waterways, the water powers, the banks—would be managed by the people for the people's benefit, as the Post Office is managed by the Nation and the public schools are managed by the State. It is an essential part of this plan that the State should be a democratic State. The autocratic Socialism of monarchical Germany, in which such industries as the railways are managed by a class supposedly for the people, is not, properly speaking, Socialism at all.

This control and management of the organized industries might be intrusted to the Government—that is, to the political organization; or it might be intrusted to an industrial organization within the State, provided it was a democratically controlled organization. Thus in New York State there are a Legislature and a Governor who administer the political institutions of the State, and there are a Board of Regents and a Superintendent of Education who administer its educational institutions. But both are controlled democratically by the people. The one thing essential to this scheme in all its various forms is that the organized industries should be controlled neither by a capitalistic class nor by a laboring class, but by all the people, including both producers and consumers.

V. In all the above schemes there would still be employers and employed. In the last-mentioned scheme all the people in their collective capacity would be the employer, and all the people individually would be employed, as all the people of the Nation in their collective capacity employ the postman and all the people of the State in their collective capacity employ the

¹ The views of the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook have been embodied by him in three volumes entirely disconnected: "The Industrial Problem" (George W. Jacobs & Co.), "The Rights of Man," "Christianity and Social Problems" (Houghton Mifflin Company); and of course in the bound volumes of The Outlook for the past forty years.

teacher. Industrial Democracy differs from both trade-unionism and Socialism, because its aim is to get rid, not indeed of the distinction between capitalist and laborer, but of the distinction between capitalists as a class and laborers as a class. We can best state the essential principle of industrial democracy by employing in the main the words of Abraham Lincoln, though not uttered by him in one connected passage as here:

It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them, and drive them to it without their consent. Having proceeded thus far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers or what we call slaves. And further, it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer is fixed in that condition for life.

Now, there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed, nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless.

Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of the community exists within that relation.

The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages a while, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This, say its advocates, is free labor—the just, and generous, and prosperous system, which opens the way for all, gives hope to all, and energy, and progress, and improvement of condition to all.

I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mauling rails, at work on a flatboat—just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want every man to have the chance—and I believe a black man is entitled to it—in which he can better his condition—when he may look forward and hope to be a hired laborer this year and the next, work for himself afterward, and finally to hire men to work for him. That is the true system. . . . Then you can better your condition, and so it may go on and on in one ceaseless round so long as man exists on the face of the earth.

The advocates of industrial democracy want such changes in legislation, and still more in the spirit of the people, both employers and employed, that every man will have a fair chance, on the one hand, to accept employment from the possessor of capital, and, on the other hand, by intelligence, integrity, and thrift, to become himself a capitalist if he wishes so to do. The believer in industrial democracy expects that there will always be employers and employed, but he desires to destroy the barrier between these two classes and make it easy for men to pass from the one class to the other, or to belong to both classes at the same time. There will still be both capitalists and laborers, but the great majority of capitalists will also be laborers, and the great majority of laborers will also be capitalists. When engaged in any common enterprise they will be partners, sharing both the control and the profits of the business; when they are not, the laborers will generally hire the capital, not capital the laborers.

There are some destructionists who think that civilization to date is one great blunder, that the energy and enterprise of the past have all been expended in vain, that not only the edifice which our ancestors have built should be demolished, but the very foundations should be overturned, and who are so sure of their own wisdom that they wish to destroy everything that has been done and build anew. They are quite sure that if the world would give them the power, they could build an enduring Temple of Liberty in a day; but they are agreed in nothing but the destruction of existing institutions. They are the lineal descendants of the builders of the Tower of Babel. When they begin to talk of construction, they are afflicted with a confusion of tongues, and their always vague, visionary, and impracticable schemes have no place in this attempted summary of reform urged upon the world by sane and honest men.

During the next two or three years a great variety of industrial and social reforms will be proposed in newspapers, magazines, books, and legislative bodies for the world's discussion. We hope that this brief tabulation of reforms—and it is only a tabulation—may help our readers in placing and perhaps in valuing the proposals which may be presented to them. Most of them will probably be some modification of one of the above outlined schemes or some combination of two or more of them.

A LITTLE SERMON ON FREE VERSE¹

There has been a torrent, a very deluge, of free verse these past few years. The Imagists threw wide the carefully guarded doors of the temple because they wanted a little fresh air, and before they knew it the Bolsheviki of literature were sitting, with knees crossed, on the altar, chattering in the inner fane and blowing out the eternal lamps. For a while they seemed to be in full control; no money-changers ever made themselves more at home. But there are indications that the ancient priests are coming back into possession. Perhaps the free-verse folk will set up a temple of their own. They should.

For they have the first requisite of a successful religion—they have mystery. In the past the elements that went to make a poem were two—the poet and his theme. Into this new poetry a third element enters—the typesetter—who by some esoteric abracadabra transmutes what is essentially a memorandum in a novelist's note-book into a thing which can be sold by the line as a poem. Thus:

I know a girl who lives on the West Side, in a seven-room-and-elevator, thank you, flat! She sleeps till eleven every day, and then she puts on a wide-skirted gown (she weighs one hundred and sixty) and boots that lace up the back, and goes out and airs her dog in the Park. In the afternoon she goes to the movies, and cries over the poor heroine. In the evening she goes out under the moon, in a taxicab, and watches a performance of the "Happytown Girls." And then, after a salad in a stuffy and close cabaret place, she goes home to bed.

Every day she does this.

And because I write free verse, and manage to sell only enough to keep me fed, she thinks my life is wasted!

No man in his hours of maddest aberration would dream of classifying those hastily scrawled paragraphs as a poem. But here enters the typesetter:

WASTE

"I know a girl who lives on the West Side,
In a seven-room-and-elevator, thank you, flat!
She sleeps till eleven every day,
And then she puts on a wide-skirted gown,"

and so forth.

The miracle of the creative mind is as nothing to the miracle of the typesetter. For the jotted reminder has become a poem which may be printed in a book with other jotted reminders and passed off on the unwary as that form of art which at its worst is regarded by a large group of the community (which never has any dealings with any form of literature whatever) as somehow more distinguished than any prose.

"City Tides," by Archie Austin Coates, from which the touching lines quoted above are drawn, represents free verse not at its worst by any means, but in its most annoying manifestation. For Mr. Coates has imagination and zest for experience besides some skill in the conventional rhythms. But he is possessed by the great American passion for getting something for nothing—in this case, to a greater or less degree, that elusive thing known as fame. Like Edgar Lee Masters, he takes the kind of theme which Edwin Arlington Robinson first brought into American poetry some twenty-five years ago, and in a quarter of an hour (or less) sketches on the back of an envelope the bare bones of an idea. Robinson, we will say, does the same, and then sits down and labors for hours or days making a body and soul and heart for that drafty skeleton until a poem is achieved. But Masters and his various progeny dispense with the labor, putting forth the bare sketch as the completed work of art. To a young writer the "freedom" which free

¹City Tides. By Archie Austin Coates. With an Introduction by Charles Hanson Towne. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.25.
Cornhuskers. By Carl Sandburg. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.30.

verse offers is like the "freedom" that lies in free "booze" or free love. One is prompted to preach in terms of the old theology and to say that it is a snare of the Evil One designed to annihilate promising poets. The doctrine that success comes only through endless, plugging work is hard and unpleasing, but it is a very ancient one, and no one has yet disproved it. And it applies to the making of poetry a little more completely and undeniably than it applies to any other form of endeavor.

The original *vers libristes* and *imagistes*—Flint, Aldington, "H. D.," Fletcher, Ezra Pound—insist that the delicate rhythms of their poems are vastly more difficult to achieve than the *tum-ti-tum-tums* of conventional verse. Perhaps. One wonders, not without skepticism, hunting in vain for the subtle measures hidden under what is to the baffled sense often mere prose of a dubious quality. The merit of the imagist group lies less in their rhythmic experimentation than in their insistence on the concrete image as the palpitating heart of poetry. If the image is poignant and memorable, it makes little difference whether the body which incloses it be verse or "free verse," or unaffected prose. The life-giving force is in the heart.

PRAYERS OF STEEL

"Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a sky-scraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a sky-scraper through blue nights into white stars."

Those lines, from Carl Sandburg's "Cornhuskers," are an example of the "new poetry" at its best. The imagery is clear and unforgettable; the language is as simple and sincere as the language of the Psalms. Between this carefully wrought series of stirring pictures and the slipshod scribble previously quoted lies all the world of devotion and art. In Mr. Coates's book the absence of sharp and deep vision focuses the attention on the fact that the lines which parade as verse are merely bad prose; in Mr. Sandburg's the vision is so compelling that the reader does not care very much what the lines are. They are profoundly moving because they are written from a hot heart fed by open eyes knowing the difference between the false and the true; so much the reader immediately recognizes. It is only later that he hears in these poems cadences which echo in the memory like the cadences of the Bible or of Whitman.

MONOSYLLABIC

"Let me be monosyllabic to-day, O Lord.
Yesterday I loosed a snarl of words on a fool, on a child.
To-day, let me be monosyllabic . . . a crony of old men
who wash sunlight in their fingers and enjoy slow-pacing clocks."

"Cornhuskers" is a notable book from the first poem, "Prairie," with its defiant—

"I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes,"

to the final chant, "The Four Brothers," one of the finest war poems America has produced. It is rebellious, imaginative, tender, wistful; racy, slangy, and now and then coarse; but it is packed with restless, seething, like-to-burst poetry. There is yeast in every particle of this dough.

But that figure of speech immediately suggests an inevitable criticism. There is the bread of life in these pages—but a large part of it is only half-baked.

BAND CONCERT

"Band concert, public square, Nebraska city. Flowing and circling dresses, summer-white dresses. Faces, flesh tints flung like sprays of cherry blossoms. And gigglers, God knows, gigglers, rivaling the pony whinnies of the Livery Stable Blues.

Cowboy rags and nigger rags. And boys driving sorrel horses hurl a cornfield laughter at the girls in dresses, summer-white dresses. Amid the cornet staccato and the tuba oompa, gigglers, God knows, gigglers daffy with life's razzle dazzle.

Slow good-night melodies and Home, Sweet Home. And the snare drummer bookkeeper in a hardware store nods hello to the daughter of a railroad conductor—a giggler, God knows,

a giggler—and the summer-white dresses filter fanwise out of the public square.

The crushed strawberries of ice-cream soda places, the night wind in cottonwoods and willows, the lattice shadows of door-steps and porches, these know more of the story."

In that sketch lies the substance of poetry, the raw material; but it is no more a poem than a dead heifer is a shoe. Like Mr. Coates, Mr. Sandburg has scribbled some notes on the back of an envelope, and because he too was possessed for the moment by the passion for getting something for nothing he called it a day's work and quit. Time, that relentless Lord High Executioner, will administer the punishment he administers to stately exposition buildings "put up with shingles and glue," and critics, who know a good idea when they see it, and know also how rare and valuable a treasure it is, will mourn that its creator did not think enough of it to give it durable form.

Art is long.

One might do American literature a worse service than to pray nightly that Carl Sandburg find it out and ponder thereon. For he belongs in the front rank of contemporary American poets, well behind Robinson, but ahead of Lindsay and far ahead of Masters, neck and neck with Amy Lowell.

"There was a high majestic fooling
Day before yesterday in the yellow corn.

And day after to-morrow in the yellow corn
There will be high majestic fooling.

The ears ripen in the late summer
And come on with a conquering laughter,
Come on with a high and conquering laughter,"

and so forth. Here is promise of a great American poet. By all means, let us pray.

THE POLISH QUESTION

One of the most difficult problems which the Peace Conference at Versailles will have to handle is the question of the smaller nations of the "Near East." We mean: Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Yugoslav Republic. These new nations are made out of territory and people which have until very recently been under the control of Germany, Austria, and Russia. There is already an acute conflict in progress as to whether Italy or the Yugoslavs shall occupy territory along the Dalmatian coast on the Adriatic. The Czechoslovaks, whose central territory is that formerly known as Bohemia, are asking for an outlet to the Adriatic by a plan or scheme which has aroused sharp opposition among their neighbors.

But of all these controversies, the most serious is that connected with the reconstruction of Poland. What the Poles themselves want is set forth with unusual clearness and completeness by Mr. Gorski's article, and its accompanying map, which will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The Polish leaders want Poland reconstituted on its old historical lines. This old historical Poland was partitioned among Russia, Germany, and Austria, and, while these three Powers submit to the erection of a new Poland—Russia cheerfully and Germany and Austria under compulsion—all agree in asserting that the Polish leaders claim too much territory. They say that the new Poland should be made upon an ethnological and not upon a historical basis; that is to say, that the area of new Poland should be confined to those portions of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland where the Polish language is so commonly spoken as to indicate a pure Polish population; that Germany should be allowed to retain that portion which has become really German, while Russia retains the really Russian sections. To this the Polish leaders reply that the absence of the Polish language is not always an indication of the absence of Polish culture and aspirations. They say that Alsace and Lorraine have been returned to France, although German was the official and educational language of those two provinces.

Naturally, The Outlook cannot, and does not, attempt to settle this question. It is one that must be left to the Versailles Conference. But it is one to be settled not merely by historical precedent nor by political expediency. It is to be settled, as far as possible, by a just recognition of the real, deep, and abiding desires of the peoples of these territories themselves.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS IN FRANCE

IN The Outlook for November 20 we printed an article by a distinguished American engineer who has been serving in an engineering capacity as an officer of high rank in the American Army in France. The purpose of his article was to urge the American people to be modest in their comparisons of the achievements, especially the engineering achievements, of the Americans, the French, the British, and the Italians in the great war. His article contained this paragraph:

American people have been given to understand that on the engineering side, for instance, great engineering achievements have been accomplished in France, and that these achievements are proper foundation for abnormal pride both at home and abroad, and that our French and British associates have been astonished at our engineering work. Statements have been made to the American people through the press and by word of mouth that at least one, sometimes it is said to be two, double-track railways have been built from the coast to the front; and yet the fact is that no such construction has ever been started. When the war is over and the extent of our engineering construction is actually seen, it will be found that the amount or character thereof is no adequate foundation for unusual home pride or boastfulness.

Several correspondents have written us regarding this statement and inclosing a despatch from the Associated Press which was published in the daily newspapers of this country in the latter part of November. This despatch says: "To meet demands which the existing French railways are unable to meet, 843 miles of standard-gauge railways were constructed." In the "Saturday Evening Post" for November 30 the well-known special correspondent, Mr. Isaac F. Marcossin, in praising the engineering work of the American Expeditionary Forces, makes the following statement: "We have laid down and operate a series of railways equal in scope to the Pennsylvania system."

Having submitted these statements and letters from our readers to the American engineer officer who was the author of the article in The Outlook that has been called in question, he gives us information which we have confirmed by some investigation on our own account. The Pennsylvania railway system consists of about ten thousand miles of trackage, or, to be exact, 10,460 miles, according to the latest available statistics. The Associated Press despatch only claims that we have built 843 miles, so that it is perfectly apparent that Mr. Marcossin's statement is a grave exaggeration. It was to guard against just such exaggeration that the article by our correspondent entitled "Preach Modesty" was written.

Moreover, the 843 miles referred to in the Associated Press despatch is side-track mileage almost entirely, and does not refer to main-line construction of an expensive and heavy character.

Some observers, traveling from Bordeaux to Paris and having seen track-laying activities along the line, received the impression that our engineer regiments were doubling, or perhaps four-tracking, that well-known and long-established road known as the Paris and Orleans Railway. As a matter of fact, it was in times of peace a double-track road, and the track-laying which civilian observers noticed was simply a temporary side-track laid on flat ground. It is true that a line about seven miles in length was built from Bordeaux to the village of St. Sulpice for the purpose of facilitating the unloading and classification of merchandise. The best authoritative information that we can obtain justifies us in reasserting that in the American sense of the word no permanent double-track or four-track railway construction was undertaken in France by our engineering regiments. This is not to say, and our author made that fact clear in his original article, that our engineers have not done splendid work, but we ought to guard ourselves against misdescribing or exaggerating the work which they did. To build 843 miles of yard side-tracks was no doubt a great accomplishment, but in 1908 the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad built this same amount of railway in one year, through the Rocky Mountains and through territory of great engineering difficulty, without any notice being given to it on the part of the public, an achievement evidently more difficult in an engineering sense than the construction of 843 miles of side-track on flat ground in France. There is glory enough for our troops, engineers, and our industrial executives in the great work we have done to aid France and Great Britain in winning the war, without so highly coloring the descriptions as has been done by Mr. Marcossin and writers of other similar articles connected with this subject. General Pershing's modesty and restraint in the remarkable account embodied in the report of the Secretary of War form a model of the spirit that should govern all American comment.

In this connection it is worth noting that the figures just made public by the Navy Department show that 2,079,880 American troops were transported across the Atlantic during the war. Of these 1,075,233 were carried in British owned and British operated ships, and 52,066 went in French and Italian vessels. Great Britain furnished nearly fifteen per cent of the warships convoying and protecting these transports. We think it unfortunate that the President in his recent address to Congress did not refer to this British and Allied co-operation without which the great achievement, which he did refer to, of transporting these men could not have been accomplished. His only reference to the British transports was contained in the following sentence: "Only 758 men were lost by enemy attack—630 of whom were upon a single English transport, which was sunk near the Orkney Islands."

NOT VENGEANCE BUT VINDICATION

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

RECENTLY AMERICAN MINISTER TO HOLLAND

THE great war is ended. Germany, who forced it, has surrendered and laid down her arms, a conquered criminal. The men who have won this glorious victory are the soldiers and sailors of the Allied forces and America. The statesman who made it possible to clinch the result without the sacrifice of one unneeded life or the prolongation by one hour of the world anguish is President Wilson.

Now we face the problem of the great peace. The anæmic pacifists did nothing to win it. They must have no hand in its making. What the world wants to-day is not anarchy, nor slavery, nor class warfare, but peace with power. Right must reign, and Might must back it.

But what to do with the criminals—the German rulers and the people who have supported them in the wanton destruction of at least ten million human lives?

Two words are in the air just now: vengeance and vindication.

Vengeance is not for us. To *avenge* is to punish a wrong done to others. That belongs to God.

To *revenge* is to punish a wrong done to ourselves. That is

unworthy of a Christian. Let us get vengeance out of our mind.

Vindication is what we have fought for. Vindication is what we must demand in the terms of peace. Vindication means the upholding of justice and the prevention of crime.

On the German Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and the rest of the Potsdam Gang justice must be done according to international law. The repetition of their crime of 1914 must be made impossible. What we want is not vengeance but vindication.

Have the Kaiser's gang really repented? No sign of it yet.

Have the German people really repented? No sign of it yet. They must bring forth fruits meet for repentance before they can be forgiven. That means indemnity, not punitive but reformatory—all that they have smashed they must rebuild.

Peace founded on justice and backed with power is what America wants. We count on President Wilson to uphold that end at the Peace Conference.

AMBASSADOR MORGENTHAU'S STORY¹

ONE lays down this volume with the feeling that he has been shown directly and personally what went on in Turkey in the days just before Turkey entered the war—and in those which followed Turkey's entrance into the war—and shown this by a man who lived and had daily intercourse with the participants in the dramatic and tragic events. Reminiscence, free and easy talk and description, the elements of story-telling, are all present in a gratifying and entertaining way. But this is not in the least inconsistent with historical authority, actual personal knowledge, and even the disclosure of things of paramount value to our knowledge of the origin of the war. If we can have books dealing with men and things as they were seen in separate countries—books like that on Belgium by Mr. Brand Whitlock, our Minister there when war broke out, like that by Mr. Gerard, our Ambassador in Germany, and this volume by our Ambassador in Turkey—and if we were then to combine the information and impressions thus obtained, there would result a clearer and stronger mental picture of what went on in these and other countries than we are likely to get very soon by reading one elaborate and exhaustive history of the war.

Mr. Morgenthau was the American Ambassador at Constantinople in 1913, and continued there for two years after the war broke out in 1914. As a representative of a neutral nation, charged with the interests of some of the countries at war, he was in constant and daily intercourse with the men responsible for government in Turkey and with the Ambassadors of Germany and Austria. He had every opportunity of knowing the inside story of the effort to get Turkey into the war and its success. He tells us, for instance, of Germany's failure to instigate Mohammedans the world over to fight a Holy War against the Allies; of Germany's callous refusal to interfere with Turkey when a million Armenians and Greeks were being massacred; how the closing of the Dardanelles by German direction led slowly but surely to the weakening of Russia's total military power; how the Turkish forces were at their last pounds of powder when the Allied fleet abandoned its attack on the Dardanelles.

In a historic sense the most important passage in the book is that regarding Mr. Morgenthau's conversation with the German Ambassador, Wangenheim, describing the Imperial conference at Berlin which preceded Austria's declaration of war. At the time of this talk things were looking very favorable for Germany, and Wangenheim, in his enthusiasm and contempt of the Allies, spoke with astonishing freedom. We quote this passage at length because it confirms on direct and unimpeachable evidence the basic facts already proved by the statements of Prince Lichnowsky and Herr Mühlön. We hope that Mr. Morgenthau will be invited to present these facts before the Versailles Conference. They contradict flatly the Kaiser's recently reported statements that his accomplices kept him in ignorance of the impending war:

"I have already mentioned that the German Ambassador had left for Berlin soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke, and he now revealed the cause of his sudden disappearance. The Kaiser, he told me, had summoned him to Berlin for an Imperial conference. This meeting took place at Potsdam on July 5. The Kaiser presided and nearly all the important ambassadors attended. Wangenheim himself was summoned to give assurance about Turkey and enlighten his associates generally on the situation in Constantinople, which was then regarded as almost the pivotal point in the impending war. In telling me who attended this conference Wangenheim used no names, though he specifically said that among them were—the facts are so important that I quote his exact words in the German which he used—*die Häupter des Generalstabs und der Marine*' (the heads of the General Staff and of the navy), by which I have assumed that he meant von Moltke and von Tirpitz. The great bankers, railroad directors, and the captains of German industry, all of whom were as necessary to German war preparations as the army itself, also attended.

"Wangenheim now told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn: 'Are you ready for war?' All replied 'yes' except the financiers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their foreign securities and to make loans. At that time few people had looked upon the Sarajevo tragedy as something that would inevitably lead to war. This conference, Wangenheim told me, took all precautions that no such suspicion should be aroused. It decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quietly back to their work or started on vacations. The Kaiser went to Norway on his yacht, Bethmann Hollweg left for a rest, and Wangenheim returned to Constantinople.

"In telling me about this conference Wangenheim, of course, admitted that Germany had precipitated the war. I think that he was rather proud of the whole performance, proud that Germany had gone about the matter in so methodical and far-seeing a way, and especially proud that he himself had been invited to participate in so epoch-making a gathering. . . .

"The several blue, red, and yellow books which flooded Europe during the few months following the outbreak, and the hundreds of documents which were issued by German propagandists attempting to establish Germany's innocence, have never made the slightest impression on me. For my conclusions as to the responsibility are not based on suspicions or belief or the study of circumstantial data. I do not have to reason or argue about the matter. I know. The conspiracy that has caused this greatest of human tragedies was hatched by the Kaiser and his Imperial crew at this Potsdam conference of July 5, 1914. One of the chief participants, flushed with his triumph at the apparent success of the plot, told me the details with his own mouth. Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar, and giving me his account of this historic meeting. Why waste any time discussing the matter after that?"

The two outstanding personalities in Constantinople were Enver and Talaat. From any Western or modern point of view, both were brutal, murderous scoundrels. Oddly enough, however, they had picturesque and even amusing sides in their personal character. The news columns only the other day announced that Enver and Talaat had succeeded in escaping from Constantinople after Turkey's surrender, and had appeared in Berlin disguised as German officers, and with looted funds enough to make them rich. With their flight came to an end that misnamed Committee on Union and Progress which, after the failure of the first attempts of the Young Turks party to govern, assumed power. Mr. Morgenthau gives interesting sketches of these two men, who were, as has been stated, "as unprincipled a pair as ever usurped power and betrayed a people." Here is a picture of Talaat at home:

"Some time before, I had visited Enver in his domestic surroundings, and this occasion now gave me the opportunity to compare his manner of life with that of his more powerful associate. The contrast was a startling one. I had found Enver living in luxury, in one of the most aristocratic parts of the town, while now I was driving to one of the poorer sections. We came to a narrow street, bordered by little rough, unpainted wooden houses; only one thing distinguished this thoroughfare from all others in Constantinople and suggested that it was the abiding-place of the most powerful man in the Turkish Empire. At either end stood a policeman, letting no one enter who could not give a satisfactory reason for doing so. As contrasted with Enver's palace, with its innumerable rooms and gorgeous furniture, Talaat's house was an old rickety wooden three-story building. All this, I afterward learned, was part of the setting which Talaat had staged for his career. Like many an American politician, he had found his position as a man of 'the people' a valuable political asset, and he knew that a sudden display of prosperity and ostentation would weaken his influence with the Union and Progress Committee, most of

¹ Ambassador Morgenthau's Story. By Henry Morgenthau. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. \$2.

whose members, like himself, had risen from the lower walks of life. The contents of the house were quite in keeping with the exterior. There were no suggestions of Oriental magnificence. The furniture was cheap; a few coarse prints hung on the walls, and one or two well-worn rugs were scattered on the floor. On one side stood a wooden table, and on this rested a telegraph instrument—once Talaat's means of earning a living, and now a means by which he communicated with his associates. In the present troubled conditions in Turkey Talaat sometimes preferred to do his own telegraphing!"

Equally interesting are passages which show what kind of a government Enver and Talaat carried on. We combine several separate paragraphs which together offer a curious view of these men as politicians and public criminals:

"The Young Turks were not a government; they were really an irresponsible party, a kind of secret society, which by intrigue, intimidation, and assassination had obtained most of the offices of state.

"I must admit, however, that I do our corrupt American gangs a great injustice in comparing them with the Turkish Committee of Union and Progress. Talaat, Enver, and Djemal had added to their system a detail that has not figured extensively in American politics—that of assassination and judicial murder.

"Of all the Turkish politicians whom I met, I regarded Talaat as the only one who really had extraordinary native ability. He had great force and dominance, the ability to think quickly and accurately, and an almost superhuman insight into men's motives. His great geniality and his lively sense of humor also made him a splendid manager of men.

"Early in January, 1914, Enver became Minister of War. At that time Enver was thirty-two years old; like all the leading Turkish politicians of the period, he came of humble stock, and his popular title, 'Hero of the Revolution,' shows why Talaat and the Committee had selected him as Minister of War. Enver enjoyed something of a military reputation, though, so far as I could discover, he had never achieved a great military success. . . . But certainly Enver did have one trait that made for success in such a distracted country as Turkey—and that was audacity. He was quick in making decisions, always ready to stake his future and his very life upon the success of a single adventure; from the beginning, indeed, his

career had been one lucky crisis after another. His nature had a remorselessness, a lack of pity, a cold-blooded determination, of which his clean-cut, handsome face, his small but sturdy figure, and his pleasing manners gave no indication. Nor would the casual spectator have suspected the passionate personal ambition that drove him on."

It is some satisfaction, even at this late day, to read in cable despatches from Constantinople in early December that the new Sultan disowns and disapproves everything that Enver and Talaat did under German pressure, and promises his hearty co-operation in measures for the real progress of the Turks. The reason why Turkey entered the war was undoubtedly her fear and distrust of Russia and Russia's desire to reach Constantinople and the sea. This element has now disappeared from the international situation. The Allies will see to it that Constantinople, where the British fleets now lie at anchor, is an open port, free from Turkish misrule, and that the Dardanelles will be what they always should have been, a free and open passage to the sea for all nations.

The unparalleled impudence of the Turkish misrulers is indicated in one grimly humorous story told by Mr. Morgenthau. Talaat refused over and over again to do a single thing to save the Armenians from massacre, although when he was taken on his good-natured side he gave Mr. Morgenthau a birthday present of the lives of half a dozen Armenians about to be hanged. Later, when Talaat was urged to intervene, he heartlessly remarked that it was of no use because the Armenians were all dead. Not content with that, one day he surprised Mr. Morgenthau by this extraordinary remark: "I wish that you would get the American life insurance companies to send us a complete list of their Armenian policy-holders. They are practically all dead now, and have left no heirs to collect the money. It of course all escheats to the state. The Government is the beneficiary now. Will you do so?"

Mr. Morgenthau adds: "This was almost too much, and I lost my temper. 'You will get no such list from me,' I said, and I got up and left him."

The temptation to quote other passages equally illuminating and striking must be resisted. We urge our readers to go directly to the book itself. It is one of the most eminently readable and vigorous volumes of reminiscence and history the war has produced.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES

III—PAINS AND PENALTIES BEFORE THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS¹

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WORLD Congresses deal with countries, areas, boundaries, nationalities, and race groups, and the coming meeting in Paris will have its hands full with that sort of territorial business. Nothing smaller than a province will be represented in that august body. Nevertheless certain very important and disagreeable personal issues have already found a lodgment in the minds of statesmen and of the world at large. The Allies are all agreed that the war was due to the unbridled ambition of Germany and Austria-Hungary. We do not mean that it was a small autocratic governing class in those two countries that made the war; the evidence is conclusive that the mass of thinking people in both Empires welcomed it, supported it, believed in it, and made no protest at its worst excesses. Honorably excepted from this population are a few German Social Democrats, the Alsace-Lorrainers, and the Slavs in both Empires, who were compelled to fight against their will and against their friends, and have had to accept terrible sufferings.

Of course the sovereigns, the courts, the leading statesmen, and the general staffs of those countries rest under a special weight of guilt, because they were the spokesmen of those countries, the interpreters of the will of the state, and took the final

responsibility of drenching the world with blood. A few of them were opposed to war at that particular time; others, like the present "No Crown Prince" of Germany, wanted to get out of it as soon as they smelled defeat; but the leaders could not stop when they were once started, because for fifty years they had been cultivating the poisonous belief that Germans were supermen, free from the bonds of ordinary morality, stripped of their ancient chivalry, and born to trample upon all other races. The Junkers were like an unskilled engineer who pulls a throttle and starts a locomotive which runs away with him and finally goes to smash; is not that engineer responsible for the death of all the people in the train?

This national guilt extends to all the barbarities of German and Austrian frightfulness. The professors, clergymen, scientific and literary men, who came out in defense of the war at the beginning, never joined in any protest against the inhuman conduct of the armies toward non-combatants in occupied territories and upon wounded and prisoners. The high military and civil authorities are responsible because in part they either ordered those barbarities or ignored them. If the Emperor William had ordered the court martial and approved the execution of the person who gave the order for the destruction of Louvain, he might have put a little of the fear of God into the German officers. If the great body of educated and responsible

¹The first of this series of articles appeared in The Outlook for December 4 under the title "A Great World Congress." The second (December 11 issue) is called "The Question of Small States." Other articles will follow in consecutive issues.—THE EDITORS.

civilians at home had so demanded, they could have stopped the murder of the sons and daughters of innocent people, the systematic robbery of communities and individuals, the slavery of men, women, and children, and the blood bath of cruelty, lust, and murder.

These crimes are so far beyond usual methods of carrying on war, they are so contrary to civilization and Christianity, that most of the world would like to see somebody suffer for them. Germany and Austria, as nations, cannot be brought to the bar of justice. Wholesale proscriptions of great numbers of persons who no longer have arms in their hands would not restore the dead. Those Turkish, Tartar, and German methods cannot be used by a humane world. After our Civil War, in 1865, though the North was greatly exasperated, it wisely adopted the policy of sparing punishments, even of the military and civil leaders.

Nevertheless individuals have often been dealt with after war was over. Under Charles II several of the "regicides" who had condemned Charles I to death were hunted out and executed; the Congress of Vienna informally exiled Napoleon, and permitted Murat, former King of Naples, to be shot. Might not some persons be picked out, not because they were soldiers or sailors—for the victorious soldier always respects defeated enemies who have fought manfully and honorably—but as murderers, thieves, ravishers, and slave-dealers, who took advantage of their military or civil authority to plunder, devastate, and destroy helpless and unoffending people? One man out of the Southern Confederacy was selected in 1865 for such separate treatment—that was Captain Henry Wirz, former commandant of Andersonville Prison, who was tried, condemned, and hanged for brutal punishments and murders of prisoners in his custody.

What are the crimes and who are the criminals in the great war who might be brought to trial and hanged for those crimes? First of all, one wishes that we might lay hold of the German publicists who were responsible for the code known as the "German Army-Law-Manual." This book of abominations directed the German officers "that certain severities are indispensable to war, nay more, that the only true humanity very often lies in a ruthless application of it;" and that the laws and customs of war must yield to "the law of military necessity." That code directed German officers to seize food without regard to the necessities of the population, to lay heavy fines on towns and cities, to take hostages and shoot them for acts of people over whom they had no control; and sums up this monstrous doctrine of absolute force in the words, "What is permissible includes every means of war without which the object of the war cannot be attained."

Carrying out the spirit of these barbaric principles, the Germans initiated several new forms of warfare which were generally supposed to be outside the laws of war, and some of which were prohibited by the Hague Conventions of 1907 which had been signed by Germany. Among them are the bombardment of undefended cities by airships, the use of poisonous gas, and the deliberate destruction of cathedrals and other public buildings. Those will have to go unexpiated because it would probably be impossible now to fix the exact responsibility for the malicious ruin of the Cathedral of Rheims, the lives destroyed in unwall'd London, and the suffocation of enemies by phosgene gas. The Allies carried the gas and airship warfare back upon Germany with terrible effect. There is hardly ground here for criminal suits.

Quite otherwise with the application of the German art of war to millions of people who were making no war; to helpless old people and children, to defenseless womanhood. A great number of the most frightful acts cannot be proved because the perpetrators are now dead—these were acts of brutal soldiers, non-commissioned officers, and officers of high degree who acted without orders and left no witnesses alive. We have, however, a mass of the most convincing testimony bearing straight upon individuals. The proclamations, orders, fines, and condemnations of the military commanders and military governors in Belgium and France have been preserved, and are sufficient proof of crime. General von Bissing, who was really the murderer of Edith Cavell, is dead, but there are other equally brutal governors who are alive and have lived too long! Things were done every day under the protection or by the orders of high-born German officers which decent men and

women can hardly bring themselves to describe. But we have the diaries of German soldiers in the field, the list of tortured and murdered Belgian priests made up by that world-hero Cardinal Mercier, and thousands of maimed and degraded victims who can give testimony to crimes beneath human nature.

Something may be made of the most atrocious acts of the submarines. The United States Government once protested at any use of submarines against merchant shipping; but did not insist upon that point, inasmuch as, properly conducted, it did not involve the lives of non-combatants. We did, however, protest against the murderous use of submarines, and the sinking of the *Lusitania* was an act which opened the eyes of the United States to the German war spirit. Doubtless the commander of the U-boat that sank the *Lusitania* had specific orders to that effect; but there are ways by which a high-minded officer can free himself of the responsibility for such acts. During the Civil War, when a certain Union officer was ordered to return a fugitive slave who had found refuge in his command, he broke his sword in front of his troops; and that protest was respected. No German officer was obliged to sink merchant ships "without a trace," or to sink relief and hospital ships, or to shell and murder crews that had taken refuge in open boats. A gentleman under such orders would shoot himself.

The exasperating thing is that gentlemen somehow do not seem to find themselves in the German high command or among the officers at the front. Was ever anything more blackguardly than the conduct of the retreating forces down to the day when they gladly took refuge under an abject armistice? Still robbing hen-roosts, looting shops, destroying what they could not eat or carry, blowing up buildings, leaving devilish traps in the street, mining public buildings which could be of no military value to the Allies! Worse than that, still harrying the populace, blowing up the mines, razing factories, and to the very last carrying away, practically as slaves, a part of the population! Surely some of those petty thieves and arson-dealers and slave-drivers can be identified.

Without doubt the French and the Belgians are now collecting evidence involving particular persons. Very likely they may demand the surrender of those people for trial. But Germany as a nation never prevented the outrages, and to the very last there were no public protests other than by a few brave spirits, some of whom were obliged to take refuge in neutral countries. The only way to get hold of specific criminals is through insistence on the part of the Allies. The Congress might well make it a part of their findings that cases of robbery, rape, murder, and enslaving were contrary to a common law of humanity; that no orders from above could be pleaded as a defense for crimes against non-combatants or prisoners; but that those who gave orders from above were jointly responsible. It is not necessary to reach all the thousands of guilty ones. What the world wants is a sufficient number of convictions for proved and unnatural crimes to establish forever the principle that war does not extinguish justice; that no man can excuse himself for becoming a brute beast by the orders of the Great General Staff, or even of the "All Highest."

Of course the threads of these crimes lead backward to those persons who probably gave no direct orders but were in a position to nullify the orders of others. The Emperor of Germany used to proclaim himself War Lord whom every soldier must obey, even if ordered to shoot down his own kindred. He could have stopped the orgy at any time by the stroke of his pen, by the click of a telegraph. He let those things go on because he thought they helped to win the war. He is responsible for similar atrocities in Poland, in Serbia, in Rumania, and in Armenia, where he was the partner of that enemy of mankind, Enver Pasha, and his murderous gang. It would be a most unjust court of justice which condemned German officers and failed to hang Enver Pasha.

No one Power is competent to deal with the question of the responsibility and the future of William Hohenzollern. He put himself forward as the central figure in a conspiracy against the welfare, happiness, and life of mankind; and by the representatives of mankind his case ought to be solemnly and dispassionately heard. The sentence of the court should be sanctioned by the World Congress as the maintainer of civilization, the protector of weak peoples, the embodied conscience of mankind.

HYMN FOR THE VICTORIOUS DEAD¹

WORDS BY HERMANN HAGEDORN, MUSIC BY HORATIO PARKER

God, by the sea, by the resounding sea,
God, in the vales, God, on the golden plain,
God, in the dark of cities, tremblingly
We raise our hands, we raise our hearts, to Thee.
Our spirits, Father, see, we raise to Thee
In longing, Lord, in pain!

God, by the sea, more terrible than guns,
God, on the hills, low-bending, oh, Divine,
We offer Thee our bright, beloved ones.
In love, in grief, in pride, we yield our sons.
In Thy strong hands, Father, we lay our sons,
No longer ours, but Thine!

God, through the night, the dark, tempestuous,
See, with clear eyes we wait the day to be.
We do not ask that they come back to us.
We know that, soon or late, victorious,
Even though they die, they will come back to us,
Because they died for Thee!

¹ Copyright, 1918, The Outlook Company.

VOICE

Moderato maestoso. f

J = 92.

God, by the sea, by the re-sound - ing

PIANO

f

trembling-ly We raise our hands, we raise our hearts, to Thee. Our

sea, God, in the vales, God, on the gol-den

spi - rits, Fa-ther, see, we raise to Thee,

plain, God, in the dark of ci - ties,

In long - ing, Lord,..... in pain!

f
God, by the sea, more ter-ri-ble than guns,

God, on the hills, low-bend-ing, oh, Di-

vine, We of - fer Thee our bright be -

lov - ed ones..... In love, in

f *ff*
grief, in pride, we yield our sons. In

Thy strong hands, Fa - ther, we lay our sons, No

long - er ours but Thine!

ff
God, through the night, the dark, tem-pes-tu-ous,

poco animato.
See, with clear eyes we wait the day to be.

We do not ask that they come back to us.

We know... that, soon or late, vic - to - ri - ous, They will come back to us, Be - cause they died..... for

Even though they die, ... Thee.....

A POET OF BEAUTY AND MAGIC

A YEAR or so ago, after infinite difficulties, it is rumored, a certain young lady graduated from a certain Eastern college. Some of the difficulties were hers; more of them, it is rumored, were the Faculty's. For the Faculty had made up its collective mind that this young lady was a genius and that it would not do as other faculties had been known to do to other geniuses and stand pilloried through all time in consequence. This Faculty, not always with equanimity, it is rumored, and sometimes with a wry face, stretched a point here and there and blinked its collective eyes on countless occasions. And so, after much pulling and straining, the young lady achieved a degree and the Faculty a renewal of its academic contentment.

The effort was worth all it cost. Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose first volume of poems has just appeared, is a poet of magic and beauty. Her book is called "Renaissance."¹ It is a slender volume of some seventy pages, of which a third, comprising the poems "Interim" and "The Suicide," is dull and lifeless stuff, and the rest is the purest gold that has been washed from the eternal streams in many a day.

"GOD'S WORLD"

"O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!
Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me; let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call."

In those lines is the authentic cry of youth in the presence of overwhelming beauty, with a poignant beauty of its own that stabs like the beauty of which it tells.

"Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year"

"hurts" as only great poetry "hurts."

¹Renaissance. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mitchell Kennerly, New York.

"TAVERN"

"I'll keep a little tavern
Below the high hill's crest,
Wherein all gray-eyed people
May set them down and rest.
There shall be plates a-plenty,
And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the gray-eyed people
Who happen up the hill.
There sound will sleep the traveler
And dream his journey's end,
But I will rouse at midnight
The falling fire to tend.
Aye, 'tis a curious fancy—
But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two gray eyes
A long time ago."

There are rapture and infinite tenderness in this little book, and sadness for the passing of things, and grief and despair, all bathed in the iridescence of an imagination unhampered by theory or by "literary" self-consciousness. "Ashes of Life," "The Little Ghost," "When the Year Grows Old," "Three Songs of Shattering," "Witch Life," and the half-dozen sonnets that close the volume have all a luminous sincerity that is as moving as it is rare. It is these briefer poems that remain to haunt the reader, though it is the long poem which gives the volume its name that reveals best the breadth and driving power of Miss Millay's imagination. It won a prize six years ago, and must have been written, therefore, when Miss Millay was a sub-freshman.

The poems are noble in their austere simplicity. There are no literary frills, no melodious mouthings. The poet seems conscious of enormous presences, and the words she speaks are such as men would choose if they thought that the angels of life and death were listening to their discourse. She has tasted the sweet and the bitter; she has suffered and learned from suffering; she has loved men and women and cherishes all that remains to her of them.

Edna St. Vincent Millay has sat at the feet of Christina Rossetti and has written poetry of which that wonderful woman herself need not have been ashamed.

THE ASPIRATIONS OF POLAND

BY WACLAW O. GORSKI

HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE POLISH VICTIMS RELIEF FUND

Mr. Gorski is a stepson of Ignacy Jan Paderewski, the famous pianist and composer and the great figure in the movement for Polish freedom in this country. Mr. Paderewski has been known to Americans, among whom he has lived and worked, for thirty years. During the last three or four years he has practically given up his art and devoted himself and his entire private fortune to the work of Polish freedom. Now that this work seems about accomplished, he has said at the Polish Convention, held last summer in Detroit, as a protest against the possible charge of political ambition, "My desires are liberty for you and freedom for myself;" and to his friends he has more than once remarked that when his political activities, which are wholly foreign to all his tastes and inclinations, are completed, his sole ambition is "to retire to a little farm with a piano on it." Mr. Gorski's article is one of a series in which there have been recorded the aspirations of Rumania, Greece, and Montenegro; see *The Outlook* for October 2, November 6, and November 27, 1918.—THE EDITORS.

ONE of the most important questions to come before the Conference of Peace is undoubtedly that of Poland. We notice that beaten Germany, while accepting all the conditions imposed upon her by the Allies concerning the west, has remained silent about the east. She fondly hopes to-day that the peace conditions will not interfere materially with the continuation of her national policy of "*Drang nach Osten*" (push toward the east). Regretfully admitting that the questions of an independent Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia have already been settled, not by herself, but by her vassal state Austria, Germany undoubtedly will put up a most stubborn fight for the retention of the largest possible part of Poland. She hopes thus to frustrate the materialization of the plan of a wall of Slav and German-hating nations extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic, of which Poland is to be the corner-stone.

In view of the important rôle which Poland will be called upon to play, it will be of interest to become better acquainted with that far-away country, her historic past and her aspirations for the future.

What was ancient Poland, and when did it arise as a European nation?

Exactly as we find in the histories of other nations, the origin of Poland is symbolized in a legend. It is related that a certain mythical being named Lech appeared with his two brothers, Czech and Rus, in a forest where now stands the city of Gnesno, called Gnesen in German. There the brothers formed a settlement, and Lech, finding a white eagle's nest, took it for his emblem. In course of time the brothers separated; Czech went to what is now called Bohemia and became the father of the Czechs, Rus went to the east and became the father of the Ruthenians, while Lech remained where he was.

In his writings Ptolemy refers to a Slavonic tribe which he called "Bulanes," which in Latin means the "dwellers of the plains," a description which applies to the Poles, since the word "Pole" in Slavonic language means "plain." The country between the river Oder on the west and the river Dnieper on the east, with the Vistula in the center, is practically a vast field with an elevation toward the south culminating in a long chain of hills and mountains called the Beskids and Giant Mountains in Silesia, an old Polish province, the Tatra Mountains and Carpathian Mountains in present Galicia.

The inhabitants of these plains were kind, soft-hearted, peace and liberty loving people. They were fond of songs, music, dances, hospitable to excess, devoting their energies to agriculture. Owing to the fact, however, that they were surrounded by greedy neighbors, exposed to easy invasions, very soon the Poles were compelled to forge weapons and learn warfare in order to protect their homes, their wives and children. They learned it quickly and they learned it well, and within a short time, out of a number of rustic pastoral tribes bound by a common danger, they became a real nation, made up of plowmen and warriors.

In 966, under Miecislav I, her first historic ruler, Poland embraced Christianity and assumed her place among the Christian kingdoms of Europe. But it was given to Miecislav's son, Boleslaw the Brave, to unite all Polish lands, all Polish tribes, and to build up a political power of the very highest degree. It consisted of nearly 300,000 square miles, and was therefore almost by 100,000 square miles larger than the whole of the present German Empire.

Later, though preserving intact the people's essential character, never oppressing another nation, always receiving most hospitably every race, Poland had to become a warring nation.

A hundred wars have been fought, but not one for conquest; all in self-defense, in defense of liberty, Christianity, and justice. The battle of Lignica in 1241 saved Germany from the Tartar invasion. The battle of Grünwald in 1410 saved Europe from Teutonic dominion. The battle of Vienna in 1683, under the command of John Sobieski, saved again the whole of Europe from a Turkish invasion. The Polish revolution of 1794, led by Thaddeus Kosciuszko, prevented the coalition of autocrats from accomplishing the defeat of the French Republic; and in 1830, when Nicholas I ordered the Polish army to invade Belgium and France, that very Polish army of only thirty-five thousand turned against the Russians, and after eleven months of heroic struggling succeeded in saving France for a second time.

In concluding this short sketch of Poland's past history let us add that, although politically inexistent, Poland never gave up the struggle for her own liberty and that of others. No army ever marched to battle for freedom during the last one hundred and fifty years which did not count in its ranks numerous Poles. And thus it happened that during the last war, although starving, agonizing herself, tortured Poland gave to the cause of the Allies more soldiers than Belgium or Serbia—1,300,000 to Russia, 9,000 to France, 7,000 to Great Britain, and 220,000 to the United States. Those Poles who were not subject to draft in this country formed an army of their own, an autonomous Polish army which numbers to-day 30,000, and has won for itself the praise and admiration of the Allies on the battlefields of France.

Causes which led to the downfall of Poland.

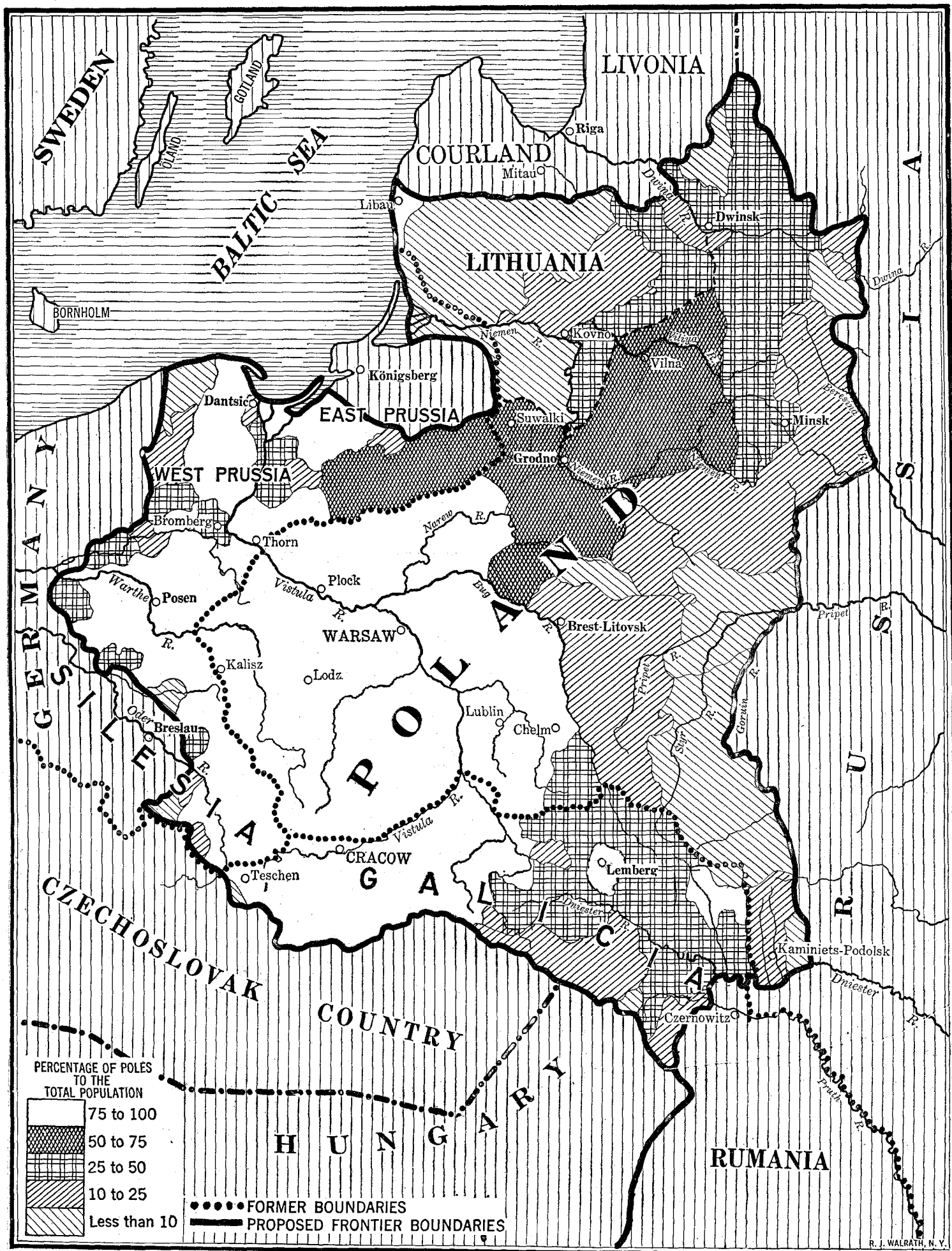
Official and officious historians of nations, mostly inspired by Germany, have been and still are trying to prove that Poland's downfall was due to her dissensions and her inability to govern herself.

Are their assertions corroborated by Poland's past? How do these things look in the light of positive historical facts? The Polish Statute of Wislica of 1347 was chronologically the first complete code of Christian Europe. In 1413 Poland concluded a political union with Lithuania. This act of free union proclaiming for the first time in history the brotherhood of nations; this act of union confirmed by a document of sublime, almost evangelical beauty; this act of free union of two different races which lasted undisturbed as long as Poland remained independent, is one of the most glorious achievements not only of Poland but of humanity.

In 1505 the Polish "*nihil novi*" Constitution introduced into the world for the first time a democratic parliamentary system. In 1572, the very year of St. Bartholomew's night, the Polish Senate declared absolute freedom of religion all over the republic, but even long before that date, long before the discovery of this country, Poland had become what America is to-day—a safe refuge for the persecuted.

In 1573 Poland became a republic, with kings elected as presidents. In 1430, consequently 259 years before the Habeas Corpus Act of England and 359 years before the declaration of human rights in France, Poland established her famous law "*Neminem captivabimus nisi jure victum*," which means, "Nobody should be detained unless legally convicted." Poland's broad Constitution of 1791 preceded by fifty-seven years the constitutions of Germany and Austria and by one hundred and fourteen years the so-called Constitution of Russia.

While in England in 1832 two per cent only of the population were fully enjoying all political rights, in 1732 in Poland twelve per cent of the population were already in possession of



MAP OF THE PROPOSED NEW POLAND, SHOWING PERCENTAGE OF POLES TO THE TOTAL POPULATION OF TERRITORIES INCLUDED

these rights; and all these reforms were introduced without the shedding of even one drop of blood.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Polish landowners (the Polish nobility) started of their own free will and initiative the emancipation of peasants from serfdom. It may be of interest to state here that among the illustrious generals who fought for the independence of America was a Polish nobleman, Thaddeus Kosciuszko.

The real reason for Poland's downfall is that her neighbors, greedy and strong, considered her as a bad example of liberalism—of democracy, as we would say to-day—for their own subjects. The most easterly of the great Western nations to which she was linked by her Latin culture, Poland was assailed treacherously by despotic Austria, Germany, and Russia.

We are just now emerging from a war in which it required the allied efforts of the whole world to down the domineering aspirations of only two of the Powers which participated in the partitioning of Poland. We are better able now to realize how utterly impossible it was for Poland alone—weak, for she had no standing army—to resist the onslaught of militaristic Austria and Prussia, assisted by Russia.

Between 1864, the date of the last Polish insurrection, and 1914 Europe as far as possible avoided allusion to the skeleton in the closet; not every state had been guilty of the murder, but all had known of it and none had intervened. When the first guns were fired in 1914, the closet door was shattered and Poland was found to be alive—gagged, fettered, maimed, but living. And even if she still be chained to the ground by bonds so cunningly contrived that she can hardly lift her hands, even if her hampered gestures be misconstrued, the world, although it has not yet looked well into the face of its Andromeda, has at least decided that her chains must be struck off, if for no other reason than its own safety.

How have the national life and national consciousness been preserved in Poland since it was partitioned, and especially during the war?

The main factors which have preserved Polish national life and consciousness were the peasants' attachment to the soil, the people's stubborn decision to cling to their language, and their faith in God, their ultra-religious spirit.

Poles they were and Poles they have remained; they have lived through years of religious and national persecution on the part of Russia and Prussia, and withstood victoriously Austria's demoralizing policy of assimilation. Through years of torture, of exile, imprisonment, years of expropriation, years of punishment for speaking their own language and teaching it to their own children, they have prayed and hoped. They knew that the hour when justice would be rendered them would strike. The very persecution of their oppressors made them strong, and during the days of this war these very oppressors had to admit that their policy of forcible assimilation had not only failed but had had the opposite result from the one they desired.

Over seventy years ago the greatest poet of Poland, Adam Mickiewicz, toward the end of his wonderful book of the Polish Pilgrims, wrote in patriotic ecstasy a fervent, glowing prayer which contains the following words:

"God of Jagellos, God of Sobieski, God of Kosciuszko, have pity on our country and on us.

Grant us to pray again to Thee as our fathers prayed on the battlefields with weapons in our hands, before the altar made of drums and cannon, beneath the canopy of our eagles and of our flags; and

Grant unto our families to pray in the churches of our towns and hamlets, and to our children to pray on our graves."

Then, in a sublime litany which closes the inspired poem, Mickiewicz exclaimed:

"For a universal war for the freedom of nations
We beseech Thee, O Lord.
For national arms and eagles
We beseech Thee, O Lord.
For the independence, integrity, and freedom of our country
We beseech Thee, O Lord."

The poet's prayer has been answered. His prophetic dreams have been almost materialized. The great war has come. It has come with all its brutality and horror, with all the wanton and

savage cruelty of the past barbarous times, only multiplied, magnified, and intensified by modern science.

Taking advantage of Europe's apathy, Germany, forestalling any declaration of the Allies in reference to the independence of that unhappy country, on November 5, 1916, declared autonomous that part of Russian Poland which had been conquered by Teutonic armies. In exchange that mock "Kingdom of Poland" was to give volunteers, soldiers to fight for the Central Powers.

This magnanimous as well as strategic ruse resulted in failure. By releasing convicts from jail Germany secured the fighting services of exactly 680 Polish volunteers, while 30,000 young men were hanged for refusing to enlist.

Breathlessly Poland was waiting for a ray of hope, a word of encouragement, in her passive resistance, a word which would come from the Allies; and suddenly the black clouds of Prussian oppression were rent asunder, and, rolling through the world like a clap of thunder which follows the lightning, the mighty voice of the President of the United States rose above the din of war and before Congress, on January 8, 1918, declared that—

An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

It was the first time since the enslavement of Poland that the wishes and desires of its people have been formally pledged by the leader of another great people. Poland will be free because President Wilson gave his word that she would, and never has a President of the United States been known to break his word. *Noblesse oblige.*

Polish claims at the Congress of Peace.

Ever since November 5, 1916, a Council of Regency has existed in Poland, composed of most worthy Polish patriots, but unable to express itself from under the German guns. Being a German creation, it could not possibly be recognized by the Entente Powers or the United States.

To obviate this difficulty, this lack of representation, in the summer of 1917 the Polish National Committee of Paris was created, which is not a governing body in itself but merely a diplomatic one. The Paris Committee represents every part of Poland. Its composition is democratic, since its President, Roman Dmowski, is a self-made man, the son of a Warsaw contractor; and its membership includes two college professors, one newspaper man, the son of a peasant, the son of a laborer, a general, an artist, and two landowners. Thus all parties are represented with the exception of the extreme left, which situation, however, will shortly be remedied by the election of a Socialist. Each member owes his nomination to the secretly or openly expressed wish of the people he represents, each one possessing a written mandate.

Well acquainted with the present situation, one or two of these men probably will be called upon to represent Poland at the peace table, and added to them will be representatives from the Council of Regency.

Their claims, the claims of Poland, are easy to describe: The Poles want all territories which formed part of the Polish State in 1772 to be reunited and given independence, with the exception of Lithuania, which aspires to an independence of its own.

On August 12 last the Polish National Committee issued the following proclamation:

Our aim is to create an independent Polish State, composed of all Polish territories inclusive of those which give Poland access to the sea; a strong state which would be able to keep in check its western neighbors, the Teutonic empires, and would constitute a bulwark against their expansion in Central Europe and the Orient.

We fully realize, however, that it is only with the co-operation of the Entente Powers and the United States, and through them, that we shall be in a position to achieve unification as well as to obtain the independence of Poland, and, firmly trusting in their ultimate victory, which will be at the same time the triumph of justice and liberty, we consider ourselves as their ally, not only for the duration of this war, but also after the conclusion of peace.

We feel ourselves bound to the Entente Powers and the

United States by unity of thought and the struggle against a common enemy, for the purpose of safeguarding the solemn rights of nations, which are the basis of humanity's peaceful development.

The Polish State must have a democratic constitution. It must govern along principles of justice and liberty co-ordinated with principles of order. Without such principles no effort toward civilization, no progress, are realizable.

No privileged classes should exist in new Poland, and the struggle between classes must also be eradicated. Polish citizens, without distinction as to origin, race, or creed, must all stand equal before the law.

In résumé the Poles lay claims to (1) what has been known as Russian Poland, including the province of Chelm, but excluding the governments of Kiev and perhaps Vilna, and eastern parts of Volhynia and Minsk. (2) To the whole of Galicia, including Lemberg and Przemyśl. (3) To Posen, Silesia (not in its entirety), and West Prussia, including Dantzic.

In other words, they will ask for the restitution of historically Polish territory, with the above-mentioned exceptions, to which must be added East Prussia, which for sentimental reasons will be left to Germany, it being the birthplace of Kant and the cradle of Junkerism.

Poland's Future.

There is no reason why such a Poland should not resume her previous position among nations and become again a bulwark against invasions from the east and a powerful rampart against Germany's expansion toward that same east. She will need the financial support at first of other nations to repair the damage done by the war: 2,500 villages razed to the ground; more than 300 towns reduced to ashes; 1,600 churches in ruins; \$9,000,000,000 worth of industrial and agricultural property destroyed, which sum, be it said parenthetically, is equal to the total wealth of Belgium before the war.

The period of recuperation may be long, but let us remember that Poland is above all an agricultural country, that once upon a time not so long ago she was called the granary of Europe, and that damages done to the soil can be more rapidly remedied than those done to other industries requiring buildings and machinery. The chances are that Poland will resume normal life even sooner than other countries affected by the war.

The textile products of Poland were famous throughout the world until this war practically paralyzed this industry. The Polish soil contains rich layers of iron, coal, salt, zinc, lead, copper, sulphur, asphalt, and oil. It also produces clay, marble, and kaolin. In Galicia alone the hydraulic force which can be obtained from the Vistula and its tributary rivers has been estimated at 894,000 horse-power, of which only 35,000 horse-power were being made use of before the war. The famous forests of Poland could easily supply the whole of Europe with paper, acetates, and similar products made from wood.

Is the educational and university system of Poland one that may lead us to expect a high degree of intelligence from the Polish people?

Again Poland's past speaks for itself and answers this question.

While the University of Vienna was founded in 1365, that of Berlin in 1809, that of Petrograd in 1810, the four most important universities of Poland came into existence:

Cracow in 1364	Zamose in 1595
Vilna in 1578	Lemberg in 1661

No wonder that with such centers of culture, with a Ministry for Public Education, the first, chronologically speaking, of the entire world, Poland was able to make large contributions to the world of science, literature, and art.

As Mr. Paderewski has said:

Outside of Nicholas Copernicus, whose solar system the Prussians tried to annex—they are now trying to annex the whole of the sun—outside of Nicholas Copernicus, Poland has produced quite a considerable number of scientists who in their day have enjoyed world-wide fame.

In the thirteenth century a Pole, Ciolek (Vitelius in Latin, the language he used at that time), acquired great celebrity by

his philosophical works, and especially by his "Treatise on Optics," which has been considered by the best authorities the most authoritative book on the subject for over four hundred years.

In the fourteenth century another Pole, Thaddeus of Cracow, Professor of the University of Paris, wrote his famous "Code of Theology." One of the first translations of the Bible in Polish took place at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and is known as the Bible of Saraspatak, a small town of Hungary, where the original was to be found until the war, when it was taken from the Polish people, and it is to be found among the Hungarians. The author of that translation is not known.

John of Stobnica published in the year 1512 one of the first and most perfect geographical maps of America. The writings of great Polish philosophers, political and social reformers—John Ostrorog in the fifteenth century and Frycz Modrzewski in the sixteenth century—have been translated into French, Dutch, German, Italian, and Spanish.

Another Pole, Strus, professor at the University of Padua, in the sixteenth century was the first, at least one of the first, to study the pulse of patients, and wrote on that subject a book which for two hundred years enjoyed an immense popularity.

Still another Pole, Jablonski, published in 1750 his famous work "Pantheon Egyptiorum"—and this was fourteen years before the birth of Champollion, the French archæologist to whom the credit is given for being the founder of the science of Egyptology.

To the world of music Poland has contributed such geniuses as Gorczycki, Szamotulski, Gomolka, Zielinski, Chopin, Moniuszko, Wieniawski, Sembrich, the de Reszkes, Hofmann, Paderewski, and many others.

Polish culture, in spite of oppression, has continued to add its quota to the sum of human achievement. When the works of the great Polish poets of the nineteenth century (Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slowacki) have at last, like the works of that other Polish writer Sienkiewicz, been made international property by adequate translation, when the depth and vivacity of a rich modern literature are recognized, it will seem as if destiny had helped to bring about the attempted extinction of the Polish name by adding to the efforts of Poland's traducers the inaccessibility of her language, powerful, terse, and subtle, which remains unknown outside of narrow circles in England and France.

To-day the Poles are justly considered the best linguists in the world. No sooner was Poland given a semblance of independence by the Germans in 1916 than the first act of the Polish Regency was to open eleven hundred schools where those children who had survived the horrors of war could be taught how to read and write. Starving themselves, the Polish people supported these schools. Too long have the Russian oppressors kept their subject Poles in the dark for them not to crave for enlightenment. Universities, high schools, technical schools, are being opened everywhere, following the retirement of the German armed forces, and, among others, a Jewish university has quite lately been opened in Warsaw by the Poles. Incidentally, I may mention that for many years Ruthenian chairs have existed at the University of Lemberg. Thus the Poles are trying to show their respect for the creed and language of others.

Conclusion.

America is to-day the leader of public opinion. President Wilson's doctrine is the Magna Charta of mankind. Your word will be law. For anybody who has but a rudimentary knowledge of American history it is obvious that chivalry, charity, disinterested, unselfish purpose in collective actions, are just as inborn with the American people as ruthlessness, cruelty, and greed are inherent to the German. "Liberty, equality, and fraternity" have not been made in Germany. They were born here in America, in Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1776, thirteen years before receiving their magic names at the hands of the great French Revolution. Help spread them through the world. Voice your opinion that the Poles should be free—all of them—because you want it, and not only part of them, as Germany wishes. Thus you will earn for yourselves and will transmit as a precious and most enviable heritage to future generations the radiant glory of benefactors of humanity.

As Shakespeare says:

Strong reasons call for strong actions, so let us go.
When you say "Aye" the kings will not say "No."

ONE WAY TO CURE HYPHENISM

BY WILLIAM E. BROOKS

PERHAPS you have stood in the visitors' gallery at Ellis Island and watched the long lines of immigrants file up the stairs, past the examining physicians, past the checking clerks, and on out, to enter rudely into those privileges for which your fathers fought and died. How far away they seemed from what you and your kind are! That Montenegrin mountaineer fumbling with his purse to show the clerk his scanty store of wealth, would not his sheepskin coat be strangely out of place on Broadway? Yonder little group of Italians, swart and stunted, have suggestions of possible Camorras about them, which are not desired among us. And that company of furtive-eyed Russian Jews, with the Ghetto odors and the Ghetto air still clinging to them, what will they do to preserve the memory of Bunker Hill and to keep alive its ideals? It is fine to think that all of that long and seemingly endless line winding up the stairs are here in our land to find liberty and freedom; but what are they going to do to preserve that freedom—to see “that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth”?

While we have been thinking and worrying about the foreigner, a brave experiment has been conducted out in the Middle West having for its object, not the closing of the gates, but the making of good Americans out of the throng we had begun to fear. The definite purpose of the experiment is the elimination of the hyphen, and it is being definitely and successfully accomplished to-day for men and women of thirty-six different nationalities. And the way they are doing it is after the good old plan of the fathers, the well-tried American plan—through the joint instrumentalities of religion and education.

Back of every great deed accomplished for men stands some dreamer. The dreamer back of Dubuque College was a cobbler, Adrian van Vliet, a Hollander who had joined the great German immigration that followed the collapse of that revolution of '48 that shook thrones but could not tumble them. He followed these Germans into their settlement in Iowa, and as he toiled at his bench he pondered the problems he saw growing around him—how for these men and women in this strange new land might be preserved their highest ideals, and on them be grafted the best in America. It is not likely that any one of us would have picked this Dutch cobbler, dreaming over his bench, as the one to point the way to the solution of the problem of the hyphenate. But the cobbler saw clearly that these Germans and Bohemians of the Middle West could not be transformed into vital Americans without culture and religion, and that these could not be given to them by men who came from overseas, trained only in the old ideals, nor by Americans out of sympathy with their traditions and view-points, but that it must be given by their own youth trained in a school in which the old and the new were mingled as their needs required. He began to study to fit himself to train them. A vacancy occurred in 1852 in the First Presbyterian Church of Dubuque. The cobbler-scholar was called to its ministry. He had barely begun his work before he brought to his own home two young Germans and taught them theology. The number increased as the years passed, until the home became too small and a building was purchased as a dormitory. Van Vliet kept toiling on without compensation, finding treasure enough in the shaping of the life about him for the better. The development was slow. The country was poor, and the vision was not so clear in the eyes of those who followed van Vliet. And “where there is no vision the people perish.” And projects like this perish likewise.

Then, a half-century later, came another dreamer to fill van Vliet's place and to realize his dream in larger portion. The circumstances were ready for the man. The German farmers in the States around were making money as they never had before, and they were able at last to give to their college. Other peoples speaking other tongues were coming into the country and needing a trained Christian leadership from among their own numbers, as the Germans had needed it in van Vliet's time. And men and women everywhere were pondering the problem of the immigrant, and some of them were willing to give of their means to help any one who was willing to work

towards the solution of the problem. Then Cornelius Steffens came to Dubuque.

He is the sort of a man who shapes an age. Like St. Paul, he prays and toils. His wanderings are also into many cities, after millionaires who, are willing to help his college, and after immigrant boys which his college can dehyphenate. He believes immensely in a tremendously practical God who shapes with his hand even so small a thing as the budget of a little school beyond the Mississippi. He prays over his budget, and pounds it with his blue pencil, and then prays again, and boards the train for the East, and tells his rich friends about it, or goes out among his farmers in Iowa or thereabouts and over the coffee describes his needs. There is in an ancient chronicle of long-dead kings an old tale over which modern wise men secretly smile. It tells of a meal barrel and an oil cruse which never grew empty for a widow after a prophet prayed. That is what has happened at Dubuque. When Steffens went to Dubuque in 1903, it cost \$5,000 a year to run the institution, and its total assets were \$19,000. Now it needs \$93,000 a year, and its assets approximate \$800,000. But Steffens gets it. They sometimes see the bottom of the meal barrel, but it is never entirely empty.

Like St. Peter, he also conceived the notion that when men of many tongues gather they present, not a peril, but a possible Pentecost; so he gathered Hungarians, Slavonians, Ruthenians, Italians, Mexicans, and many others of the polyglot fellowship into his school. The academy was enlarged, and provision was made to take any worthy student who presented himself, no matter what his mother tongue, and to teach him all he needed.

No short cuts are allowed. The standards maintained in the school are as high as those in any college in Iowa, and are so recognized by the University of Iowa. The immigrant wants no shoddy leaders in law, in medicine, or in theology, and the password at Dubuque is “thorough.”

But more than mere scholarship is desired and inculcated. The school constantly fires its boys with precepts of patriotism and leavens them with the goodly leaven of that Gospel whose end is love and service.

One or two incidents point the general result. A young Mexican student went to a physician of the city for professional advice recently. “You are a Mexican, are you not?” was the inquiry. “I am an American, sir,” was the answer. “But you were born a Mexican?” “I am an American, sir,” was the steadfast reply. At the time when Kaiser-bred organizations everywhere were seeking to embarrass the President of the United States with demands that the export of munitions to the Allies should be stopped, an individual who sought their favor came to the college chapel and at the close of the service addressed the students, asking them to adopt a resolution of such protest, which he proposed to forward by telegraph to Washington. They met his demand with an indignant refusal, and, trooping out of the chapel, gathered in a great group to give three cheers for “Old Glory.” The fathers of most in the company had been born in the Central Empires, but they knew only one allegiance, and that to the Stars and Stripes.

One of the younger alumni, born in a German home in Nebraska, has been at work among the hogans of a Navajo tribe, seeking to dehyphenize these oldest of our aliens. Others will be found at the same task in mining camps or crowded foreign quarters of many cities. That the men of Dubuque have caught the vision of the founder and are realizing the ideal is seen in this bit of a letter written to President Steffens from one of two who went into the Dakota Bad Lands to spend the summer vacation in missionary endeavor: “Six weeks have torn a great hole in our treasury, and since it is hard for an empty sack to stand up straight in this high altitude, which is conducive to a hearty appetite, we wish to ask you if you could send each of us about \$35 to \$40. Expenses are very high here. A meal costs thirty-five cents anywhere, consequently Andrew and I often buy a tin cow [condensed milk] and breakfast food. On that we live like kings.” Of such stuff were the pioneers.

Only about one-quarter of the students are able to pay the \$150 per year which the college asks for everything—tuition

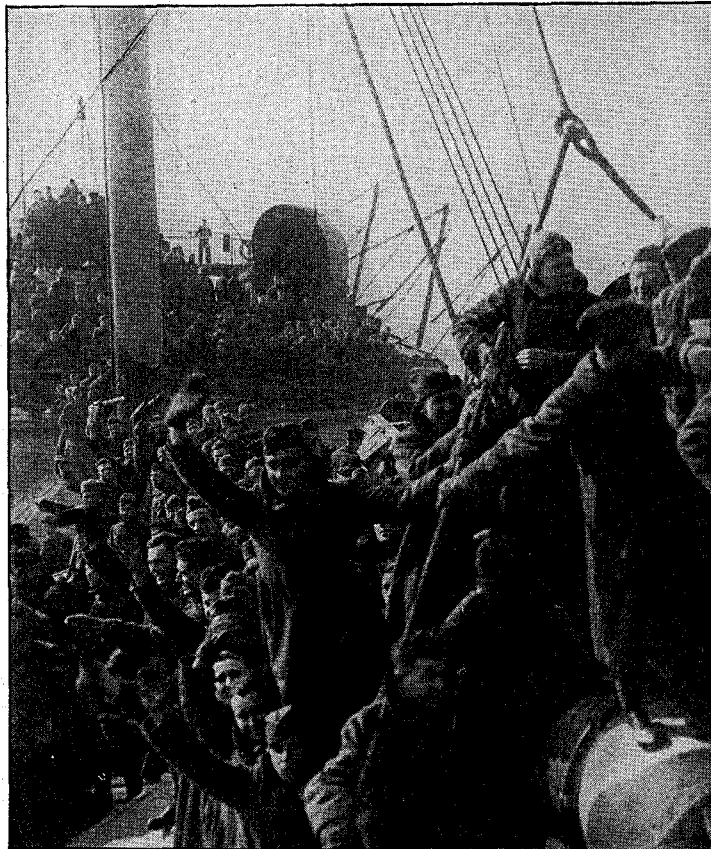
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) Paul Thompson

PRESIDENT WILSON BIDDING GOOD-BY TO AMERICA

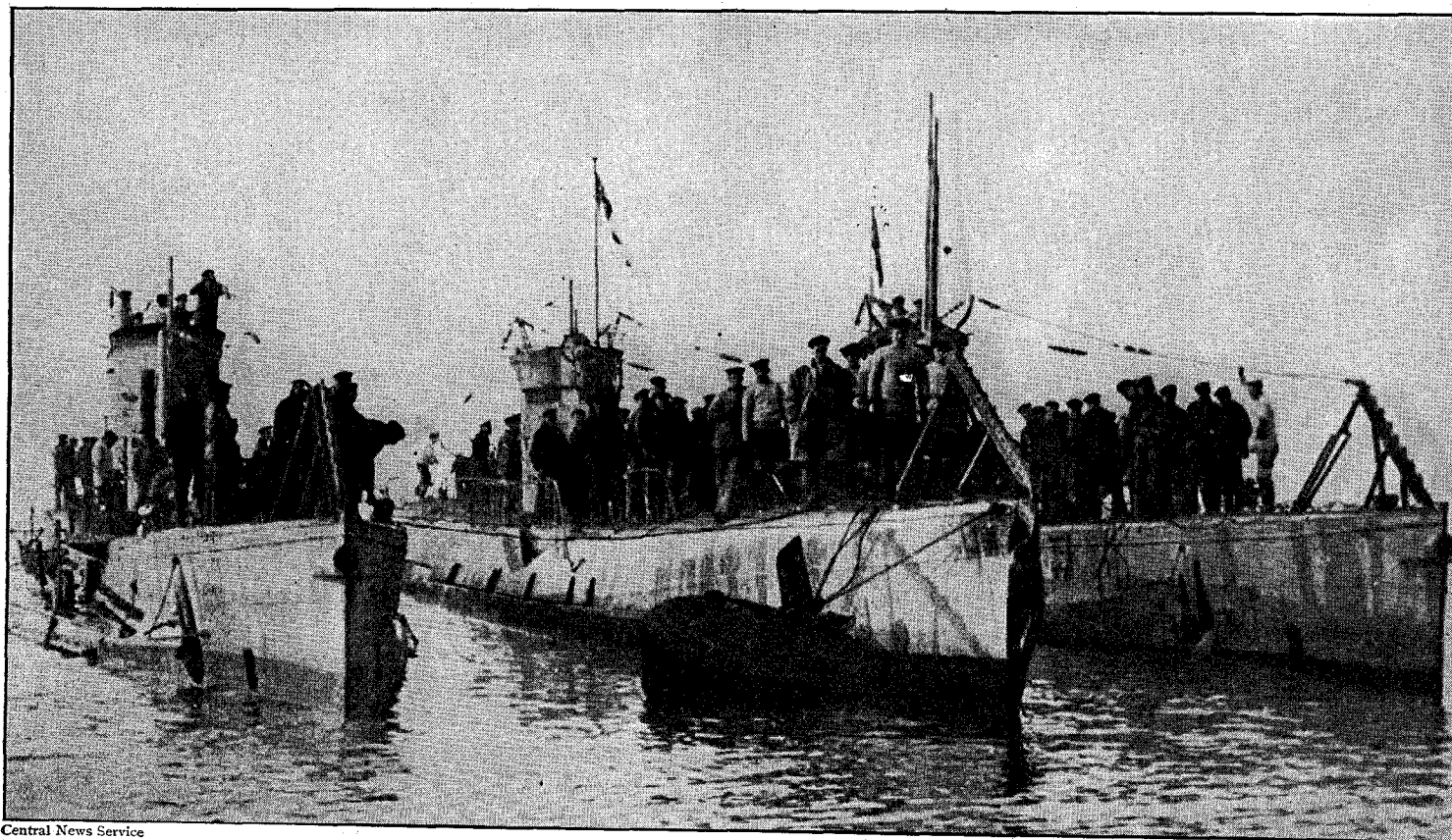
The President sailed December 4 on the George Washington to attend the Peace Conference at Versailles. At his side is Mrs. Wilson ; next her, Mrs. Robert Lansing



Central News Service

THE HOME-COMING TROOPS GREETING AMERICA

The picture shows a few of the 4,000 men who came back on the Mauretania as she sailed into New York Harbor, where she received an enthusiastic welcome



Central News Service

THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN U-BOATS AT HARWICH, ENGLAND

Three of the large number of boats that surrendered, with their German crews on board, are shown in the picture. Their crews appeared indifferent and crestfallen, but their feelings were spared as far as possible by their captors



Central News Service

THE PEACE CELEBRATION IN LONDON

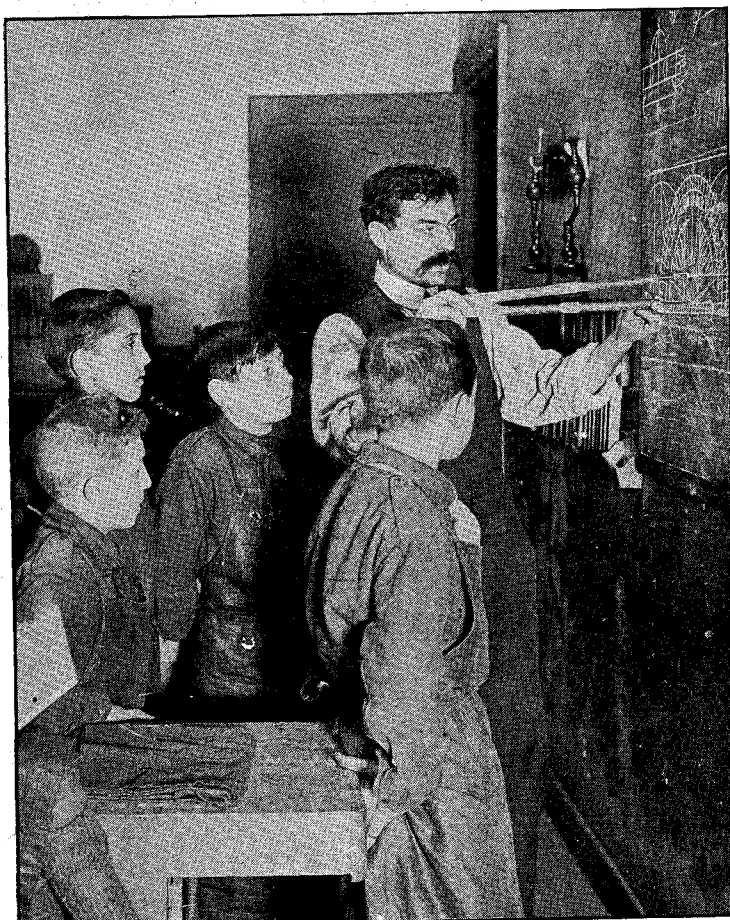
The news of the signing of the armistice was received with every demonstration of joy by the British people. A typical group of these rejoicing celebrants are seen in the photograph



(C) Underwood & Underwood

THE PEACE CELEBRATION IN PARIS

The scene shown is at the statue of Strasbourg, in the Place de la Concorde. The statue has been draped in mourning since the loss of the province in 1871, but is now decorated with flowers and bunting



Bain News Service

BOY SCOUTS IN FRANCE

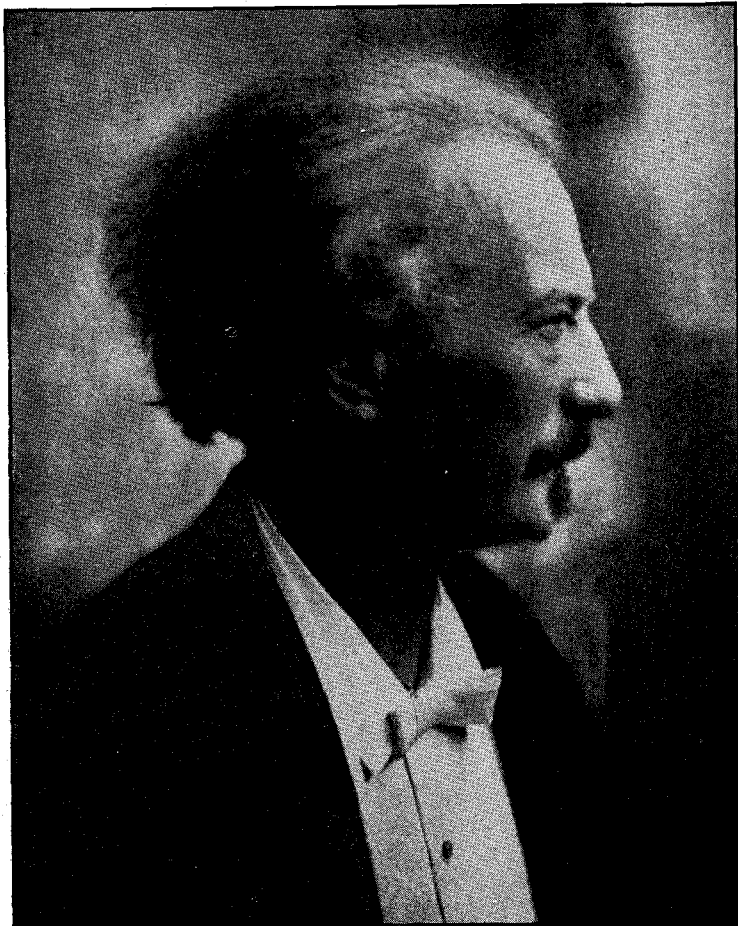
These boys are seen at work in their training school in the Rue Cambon in Paris. They look as if they would "make good" under the guidance of their earnest teacher



British Official, from International Film Service

WELCOMING BRITISH LIBERATORS OF A FRENCH TOWN

The aged inhabitants of this war-battered town are giving a hearty greeting to the British soldiers who have dispossessed their German persecutors and restored the town to its owners



From a hitherto unpolished photograph by Count Jean de Strzelecki

IGNACY JAN PADEREWSKI, POLISH PATRIOT

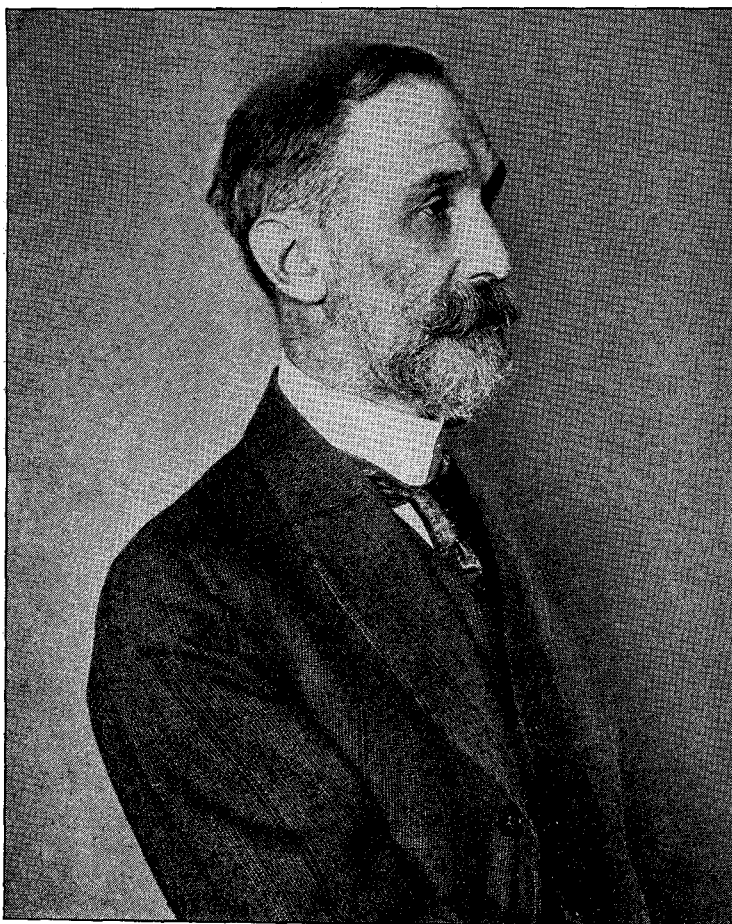
The foremost of pianists has won new fame during the past four years as the champion of Polish nationality. See the article by his stepson, Waclaw O. Gorski, in this issue



(C) Western Newspaper Union

CARTER GLASS, THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

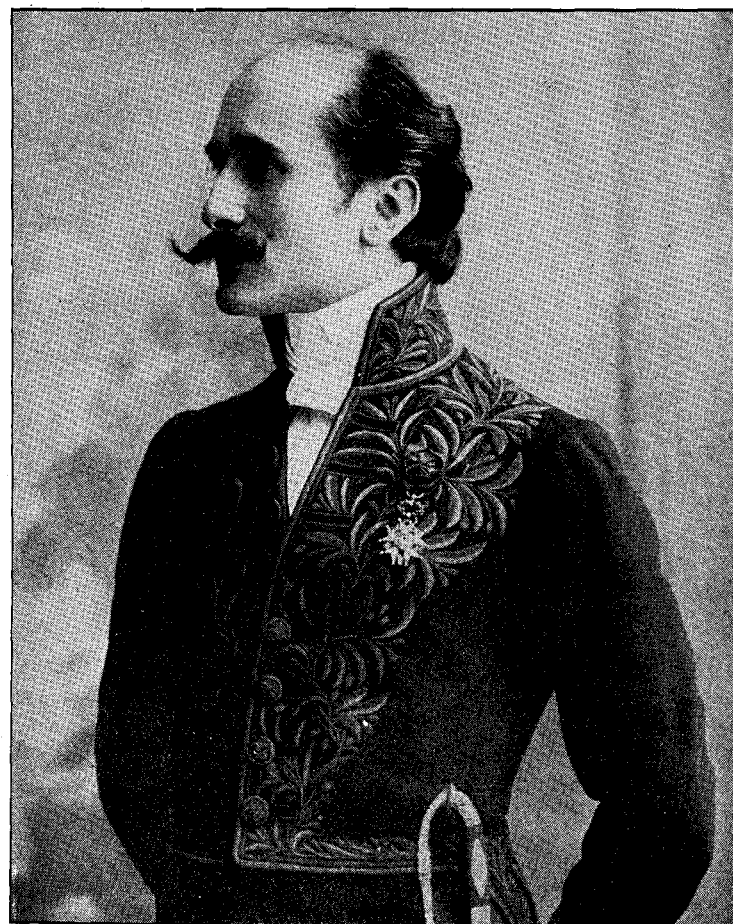
Mr. Glass has been Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, and therefore has been in the line of promotion to his present important position. See editorial comment



Bain News Service

HENRI RABAUD, COMPOSER AND ORCHESTRA LEADER

"The French invasion of America" has been signalized, among other events, by the coming to this country of M. Henri Rabaud to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra. One of M. Rabaud's operas ("Marouf") has been received with distinct favor in this country



Reutlinger, Paris

THE LATE EDMOND ROSTAND, POET AND PLAYWRIGHT

M. Rostand, who died December 2, is shown here in the costume of a member of the French Academy. He was the youngest man ever elected to the Academy. See The Outlook for December 11 for an appreciation of his plays and other literary work

board, room, light, heat, etc.—so they work betweenwhiles to gather in the balance needed. An Armenian cobbles shoes, as once did van Vliet. Another repairs clothing for his fellows. Others pare potatoes, clean rooms, tend fires for the townsfolk, work in stores on Saturdays and evenings; and vacation time finds them with harvesting crews or any other company with which an honest dollar may be made.

Wise men found out some years ago that the problem of the Negro could best be settled by the Negro—educated and with the fear of God in his heart. Hence Booker Washington and

Major Moton, and the growth of many schools like Tuskegee throughout the South, manned by Tuskegee men. The same principle applied to Dubuque would argue that it ought to grow and be copied, that it ought to have the interest of such Americans as fear God and will have no hyphenism. Only the immigrant trained can best shape the immigrant untrained. There are habits of thought among these people, ancient traditions, details of prayer and worship, which cannot be lightly cast aside as can allegiance to native land and a prince they never saw.

THE ADVENTURES OF THÉOPHILE¹

II—"THE SUPER-COOK"

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

"MATCHES wet?" asked Barton.

The little soldier striding through the mud at his side answered with feeling.

"Name of a dog, yes!" he spluttered.

Barton supplied a dry match, which was received with thanks. In its flare he caught a few details of the other's appearance—a brown face half hidden by a short beard and a huge mustache, a well-darned pair of scarlet trousers, a pair of gaiters which had once been white but were now the color of many roads. He carried no rifle.

"Rain like this will soak through anything," Barton remarked.

"It is not rain which has wet my matches, monsieur," answered the soldier.

"No? What then?"

"Vanilla."

Barton was pretty well calloused against surprise, but this was a bit too much.

"What in the world are you doing with vanilla?" he asked.

"I am cook of the Tenth Company," explained the soldier, "and I slipped on a thrice-cursed stone and fell. I thought this thing had happened, but there was no time to see."

"No great loss at the moment, I should say," the correspondent said, comfortingly. "There'll be precious little chance to use vanilla to-night."

"Who knows, monsieur?" retorted the cook.

Barton made no immediate response, having upon his mind many things which for the moment crowded out of it the misfortunes of the Tenth Company's diminutive cook.

In the first place, he was in a position where a correspondent had no business, striding along through the mud and rain of a March night with a column made up of broken remnants of the day's fighting. He had to thank his own experienced intelligence and the confusion resulting from defeat for his presence; he would have to count upon his own resourcefulness to get clear.

Moreover, he wanted to get to some place where he could write of the things which he alone of all the correspondents had seen, and he was very hungry. For all his straight back and springy stride, Barton hid silver hair under his nondescript cap, and, like all veteran campaigners, he realized that the filling of his stomach was the most important consideration. Other seemingly pressing matters could wait. All this put the red-legged cook into a new light.

Barton was no fledgling to be frightened by the thought of defeat. He had seen too many beaten armies to be anything but a skilled reader of small signs. These Frenchmen (whom in the columns of his many papers he had called the world's sturdiest fighting men) were in full retreat, and he had seen them that day beaten down by blows too heavy to be parried. Yet their flight had in it nothing of demoralization, no trace of panic. It was flight from something which for the moment could not be faced, yet controlled flight toward a definite point and looking to something different.

"My legs are beginning to complain, and they're good legs, too," he said to the cook. "How about yours?"

"Mine, as monsieur has doubtless seen, might be longer," answered the other. "They have been complaining for the past two kilometers."

"You don't act it," said Barton, who knew the signs of fatigue.

"It is one of the traits of my house not to show fatigue," the other answered with evident pride. "My name is Théophile Gelas."

"Ah!" replied Barton, as though this explained everything. "At least your duties will be light this night."

"*Au contraire*," replied Théophile. "I shall have much labor and many difficulties."

"You mean you'll manage a meal—out here in the midst of this March desolation?"

"Of course."

"You know the district?"

"Not at all, monsieur."

"There is a supply train waiting at the end of the march, perhaps?"

Théophile Gelas's shrug was hidden by the darkness, yet revealed by the tone of his answer.

"All things are possible; yet if there is I do not know it."

"H'm!" said Barton to himself; "this is not a company cook, it is a genius. I shall be fed yet."

So Barton talked as they trudged steadily into the night. His speech was that of one spurred by a consuming curiosity. He had been with a column of chattering Russians fleeing from the stricken field of Mukden, with the fugitive Turks after Lule-Burgas, with many another stricken column, yet never had he seen beaten men who acted like these, and he probed for the secret with speech which seemed casual.

To him Théophile Gelas bared his soul. He told of his ambitions, his hard lot, his sense of shame. He told of that grandfather who had wrought prodigies under the very eye of the Little Corporal at Auerstädt, of his father who had won death and glory at Gravelotte.

"And I," he finished, "last of the house of Gelas, am no more than a cook!"

Then, turning a bit more cheerful, he told of that nocturnal exploit which had won him the right to wear his scarlet trousers, and done something toward the lightening of his lot.

"But monsieur will understand," he lamented, "that after that one night the making of soup was more detestable than ever."

"Yes," Barton sympathized, "yes, I can see that quite clearly."

For several hours the little column had been plugging steadily through the darkness. They had passed through several villages—some now no more than rubbish-heaps with names, others as yet unscarred by war. Now they came into another village, no more than a mass of thicker darkness, and halted. The column disintegrated. A few furtive lights winked into being in the huddled houses, whose outlines became dimly visible. Strings of sodden soldiers, trailing their covered rifles, sought shelter in barns and outbuildings. Sentries moved out into the blackness to take up their lonely posts.

In the confusion Barton lost track of Théophile Gelas, being detained by a water-soaked captain who felt constrained to ask

¹ Each of the stories in this series is complete in itself and entirely independent of the others.—THE EDITORS.

questions, but whose authoritative curiosity was swallowed up in gratitude over dry cigarettes.

"Never mind," Barton comforted himself. "I shall find my cook again. He is not a man to remain hidden. And I think that I am beginning to find the thing I sought."

He practiced a sort of circumscribed prowling. In a few minutes his ears caught the sound of splintering wood.

"Unless I miss my guess," he muttered, "I am on the scent of Théophile. He is the one man I have encountered to-night capable of fostering such a racket under these conditions."

There appeared presently in a small field at the edge of the village a number of men staggering under burdens of wood. Some men in Barton's place would have begun asking questions at once. His methods were wiser. He first went to the assistance of a soldier whose awkward burden was continually slipping out of his arms. After this conversation was easy.

"But yes," admitted the soldier, "this was a cow-shed. And the owner of the cow-shed wrung his hands at its destruction. But since there are no cows and will be none until after the war, and men must be warm, *que voulez-vous?*"

"You belong to the Tenth Company, don't you?" Barton asked.

"*Mais oui, monsieur!*"

Barton did yeoman service in the gathering of firewood. Several small fires began to smolder rather unpromisingly. Barton, whose life had once depended upon his ability to get a bright flame out of wet wood, made helpful suggestions, and was at once taken to the collective bosom of what remained of the Tenth Company. There was, finally, a faint circle of firelight.

Into this there staggered with a vast clattering the all but invisible figure of Théophile Gelas. He looked like an itinerant peddler who had lost his cart but was bent on saving his wares. He was festooned and draped with all sorts of tin and iron things that would at a pinch hold water, and behind him were two soldiers, similarly adorned.

"*Voilà!*" Théophile exclaimed in triumph; "there is half the meal already! Lucien, and you, Jean, water! Frédéric, you and Léon will search the haversacks and bring to me what you find. Thomas, if you let a single fire die down, I will destroy you!"

He stopped abruptly and an expression of pain crossed his face. He plunged his hand into an inner pocket and began very gingerly to pluck out bits of broken glass.

"May the devil seize that *sacre* stone!" he growled.

The men within sight laughed, and Théophile grinned back at them.

"Who wants vanilla in his soup, anyhow?" he demanded, and disappeared into the night, his red legs twinkling.

In perhaps twenty minutes he and his scullions returned. Once more they came laden, this time with dried vegetables, some shreds of fresh meat, and a bedraggled hen which squawked feebly. Barton watched and marveled.

"All told," he said to himself, "there is not enough food for a dozen, yet I believe that superman will feed the remnants of his company—and me into the bargain!"

Théophile became a sort of scampering genius. He skipped from one to another of his extemporized kettles, keeping half a dozen men busy and twenty laughing, sputtering with speech like a burning fuse. Now and again he plunged his hand into his knapsack—which appeared to be a veritable widow's cruse—and brought out some essential in the way of seasoning. An odor, appetizing and stimulating, began to make itself known. Already the men were a changed lot of creatures.

Not more than an hour after the destruction of the lamented cow-shed Théophile despatched two men with soup and coffee to the house where the officers of the company were quartered. A quarter of an hour later the survivors of the Tenth Company were filling themselves with hot food, basking in the heat of the fires. Barton, unmindful of his own hunger, sat and watched. The eagle eye of Théophile spied him, and he was served—in what had one time been somebody's tooth-mug.

"Théophile," asked Barton as he gratefully accepted his dish, "how many of the men know the real nature of this beast?" and he held up a small piece of meat.

Théophile shrugged.

"In a war like this, monsieur," he answered, "even a cat must serve his country."

His soup finished, Barton distributed cigarettes, smoked for a time with his friends; then, overcome with a great drowsiness, crept into a shed which the eye of Théophile had overlooked, and slept like a log. The last thing he saw was the figure of Théophile still skipping about in the waning light of his dying fires.

"Yes," he muttered, sleepily, "I have certainly found the thing I sought."

He awoke to the shrilling of bugles and a changed world. The rain had passed, and a pale sun shone out of a chill sky of March blue. There was a wind which cut yet still carried a promise of warmth to come. The sounds which reached Barton's experienced ears told him that the village had either been a rallying-point for the retreating French, or that reinforcements had arrived, for now it contained many times the number of men that he had seen march into it.

This meant several things. For one, that the defeat of the French had been no worse than he had thought, had carried with it no crippling disorganization. For another it meant that his foot-loose freedom was at an end. He would be called upon to explain his presence, to return once more to the circumscribed limits within which his kind plied their trade.

Barton got up and stamped the stiffness out of his vigorous legs.

"All right," he muttered, "let the army take care of itself. I desire only to see Théophile."

He found Théophile without difficulty. The last of the house of Gelas had materialized a breakfast for many out of nothing and was busy at his fires.

From his point of vantage Barton could see much. The village now held a considerable force. It did not look like an army which no more than a few hours earlier had felt that numbing shock of defeat. On all sides rose the cheerful smoke of breakfast fires, the steady hum of voices from men who were unafraid. Barton looked upon the army which had won his praise and nodded soberly.

"Of course," he said; "there are a thousand Théophiles."

Then he sought out the little man in the red trousers and the fiercely bristling mustache.

"*Bonjour!*" cried Théophile, gayly, and produced coffee upon the instant.

Barton drank, looked thoughtful, and then spoke.

"Théophile," he asked, "what is the business of a soldier?"

"To serve his country, monsieur."

Barton nodded.

"You would like to carry a rifle, Théophile?"

"*Mille tonnerres*, yes!"

"And you do not care for all this?" and Barton swept his hand about the smoldering fires and the steaming pots.

Théophile bent forward.

"Monsieur, I hate it!" he declared.

"Now listen," commanded Barton. "I have seen many armies, I have read tales of many others. It is my business to write of such things."

"Yes, I have observed the journalist's *brassard* upon monsieur's arm."

"Exactly. Well, I am going to write of the best soldier I have seen. He is the best because he does to the best of his ability the thing on earth he hates most, for the simple reason that it is his duty."

Théophile straightened himself unconsciously.

"Monsieur!" he protested.

"If the Little Corporal himself were to come now into the village and were to be told of all that had happened, do you know what he would do?"

"No, monsieur."

"He would pass by the generals," declared Barton, "pass by all the fighting men, go straight to you and pinch you by the ear as he did your grandsire at Auerstädt."

For an instant Théophile Gelas remained motionless, his face a study.

"If that were true!" he exclaimed in a low voice.

And when Barton turned away to seek those to whom he must give an accounting of himself he saw that Théophile Gelas was regarding his pots and pans with a look upon his face as though he had seen a miracle.

TOMMY ATKINS

BY EDGAR GUEST

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Oh, we joshed you, Tommy Atkins, for your queer and curious ways,
And we used to think you silly in the good old peaceful days.
Then we thought you high and mighty and a little overproud,
But we didn't really know you as you passed us in the crowd;
But we're taking back this mornin' all the bitter things we've said,
For we've seen you stand to battle and we know your blood is red.

We've seen you black an' dirty, standin' knee deep in the mud,
Never turning face or color as the bullets round you thud;
And we've seen you there in Flanders with your backs against the wall,
Never wincin', never quittin' till the last of you should fall;
And we've come to see this mornin' that for all that we hold fine,
For the safety of our children, we can thank the British line.

We can thank you, Tommy Atkins, that no shell has marred our shore,
That no Prussian brute is standing at a single Yankee door.
Oh, we've quit our thoughtless jesting; what we looked upon as swank
Was a covering for courage of the first and foremost rank.
An' we've come to understand you; when the clouds of doubt were black
An' the Huns were rushin' coastward, it was you who held 'em back.

Never more, O Tommy Atkins, shall we fling at you a sneer;
You may keep your curious customs when the peaceful days are here,
You may wear your little pill-box an' your monocle and cane,
An' drawl out your British phrases, but we'll never laugh again;
For we've come to understand you, come to know you through an' through,
An' there is no way of squarin' up the debt we owe to you.

THE MORNING WATCH

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IT was the four-to-eight lookout. Seamen call it the "morning watch." We had climbed sixty-five feet in the darkness into the crow's-nest, with the great transport swinging in the waves and on its zigzag course and the wind blowing such a terrific gale that I thought I would fall to the deck every time the ship swung.

For a pure landlubber climbing a mast is no easy before-breakfast exercise. When I started up, that pole looked a good mile and a half to the top. When I got half-way up, it looked at least three miles. When I came to the place, two-thirds of the way up, where the rungs took a dizzy notion to travel clear around the mast, it looked as if the top was still about six miles away. As one of my fellow-sufferers who was climbing the mast just below me said, "I would have gone back, but that would have been doing the impossible twice."

But at last, by sheer will power, we reached the top, crowded through the little hole in the floor of the crow's-nest, and took the next half-hour of the four-hour watch recovering from the climb. The Ledge Trail at Yosemite looks easy compared with that climb into the crow's-nest.

But, like the Ledge Trail, this climb was well worth the effort when you got to the top.

Morning was breaking, and it was to be an eventful morning, we soon found. A crimson splash along the eastern sky told us that it was to be a beautiful morning at least. This crimson promise was soon fulfilled when the great sun itself shot its way up out of the ocean as though it had been fired from a big gun over there somewhere on the German lines, away from which we were steaming as fast as one of Uncle Sam's big transports could plow the waves.

Then suddenly that world-old Biblical phrase, "the morning watch," came flashing into my mind, and for the first time I knew the meaning of it all. I had conducted "morning watch" hours in my church work many times, but I never knew the

wonder, the beauty, the meaning of that sweet hour just before, during, and following the dawning of a new day as I learned it from the crow's-nest while sailing out of the east into the west, homeward bound.

Then suddenly, floating in the water, we saw several life-preservers.

"Report them to the bridge."

"No. 1," I called through the telephone.

"No. 1," was the response.

"Two life-preservers floating on the port side of the ship about fifty feet away."

"O. K., No. 1," was the report from the bridge.

Then in rapid succession we had to report ten, fifteen, twenty boxes floating in the water.

"There's a bale of cotton floating by," said the man on the "morning watch" with me.

"And there's another," I cried, "on the starboard side."

"No. 1, two bales of cotton floating, one on the port and one on the starboard side of the ship, about one hundred yards distant," I reported.

"O. K., No. 1."

And so it went for four hours of that beautiful morning. Later, when we had climbed down from our lofty perch, we learned that we had been reporting the debris of a torpedoed French merchant vessel, which had been sunk the night before with all on board.

Then suddenly off in the distance we saw a strange ship. It looked neither like a battleship nor like a merchant vessel, but somewhat like both. We watched it for several seconds, and then reported it to the bridge as looking suspiciously like a cruiser type of submarine. The bridge confirmed our surmises and ordered the big guns both fore and aft trained on it. But evidently the German U-boat had seen us about the time that we had sighted her, for she submerged before the eager gunman had a chance to adjust the heavy shells and pull the levers of the big guns.

We reported sighting the cruiser subma-

rine to the ships within reach of our wireless, and during the next three days received reports from several ships that they too had sighted the "cruiser U-boat" on her way back to Germany.

The "morning watch" hour was significant in the great war, for it was at that hour that "over the top" signals came frequently. It was at this hour that more men pass "over the top" on their way "west" than at any other hour of the day or night, and many is the lad who has "gone west" during the "morning watch" along the edge of No Man's Land.

The word had passed through the regiment. To-morrow at "zero" the whole regiment would "go over."

It was the first time for most of the American boys, and few of those who crawled into their dugouts slept that night. "Zero" was at dawn the next morning. They were to go over under cover of the gray, foggy dawn and surprise the Boche. There was to be no artillery preparation.

The kid himself told me the story three days later as we sat in a hut:

"I was always a timid kid, even at home. Any kid in town could lick me. I just naturally didn't seem cut out for fighting, and I always believed that I had a yellow streak in me.

"You know, sir, that's the thing us guys are most afraid of. We're not afraid to die, and we're not afraid of the Hun, but we're afraid of fear. We're afraid that when the time comes we'll not have the 'guts.'

"I told everybody that I was afraid. I thought that it might just as well be known, for I knew that when the time came to 'go over' I'd just naturally drop in my tracks. I knew that my legs would tremble so that I couldn't lift them, much less climb up the step that I had shoveled out and march out across No Man's Land, as we had been told to do, 'at a leisurely pace.'

"Why, boy, they're all afraid," I told him. Then, for his comfort, I told him the story that I had heard in Paris:

A crowd of officers were sitting in the officers' club talking among themselves. A young lieutenant stood up, paced the floor dramatically, and said to the crowd: "I'm perfectly willing to admit that there's one thing that I'm afraid of. There's one thing that 'gets my goat,' and gets it good and proper."

"What's that?" the others asked him.

"Why, these Gothas. They come over in the night and they come over in the day, and you never know when or where they're going to drop their bombs. If you had a fighting chance—if you could dodge them—I wouldn't be afraid. Yes, there's one thing that I'm afraid of."

Then a gray-haired old war horse, a major in the Regular Army, arose. Everybody knew him. He had served through the entire Spanish-American War. He had seen some stubborn bush fighting in the Philippines. He had been on the border for a year. He spoke quietly and sincerely:

"Well, men, I've got just one thing to say in answer to the lieutenant, and that is that there are just about five hundred things in this war that I'm afraid of, and afraid good and proper!"

"Gee, that's comforting!" the boy said to me as we sat talking. "I thought I was the only guy in our 'outfit' that was afraid."

Then he went on with his story.

"It was at dawn that we were to go over. I was afraid that I would be afraid. Everybody in my company knew it. My officers knew it. They said it was because

The Morning Watch (Continued)

I am so young. I'm only seventeen, sir. God, how I prayed!"

"So you prayed, did you, lad?" I asked.

"Yes, I prayed as we stood there in the trenches waiting for the whistle. I had on my luminous watch. It was still dark, and 'zero' was four. It was ten minutes to four by the watch. In some ways it looked like a century to me, those ten minutes, and in other ways the seconds seemed to shoot past like the German machine-gun bullets do—so fast you can't see them.

"Yes, I prayed this prayer: 'O God, make me brave! Don't let me be afraid! Don't let me be afraid! I'd rather die than be afraid, God! I'd rather die than be afraid!'

"Then I looked at my watch again. We just had five minutes to wait and the whistle would go. I think I got to be fifty years old in those five minutes. I looked out across No Man's Land and I imagined that I could see myself hanging to the wires out there, dead. I knew just how I would look. I saw a man hanging to a telegraph wire one day at home. He had got hold of a live wire, and there he hung, like a dead rabbit, on the wire. I knew I would look like that dead.

"Then I prayed again there in the dawn, 'O God, don't let me be afraid!'

"Then the old 'top sergeant' answered my prayer for God. I guess, sir, that that's a way God has of doin', isn't it? Gettin' human beings to answer prayers for him, doesn't he?"

"I'm sure that he does," I responded.

"Well, he did that time, anyhow. I looked at my watch. We just had two minutes. Then I began to shake all over. I was sure that everybody in the company could see my knees shakin'. I knew that they would never hold me up; that I'd never get over that trench; and, if I did, that I would fall before I went three steps.

"Just then the old 'top' comes along, slaps me on the back, and says: 'Go to it, kid, old boy! You've got the guts! Buck up! You can do it!'

"And when that whistle blew all sense of fear left me, and over I went with the rest of them. My knees quit trembling, and I was so crazy to get up over that parapet that I didn't even use the step. I just jumped."

Then he stopped and blushed becomingly. I knew what he was coming to now, for that was the very thing that I had hunted him out to hear. "Maybe you saw it in the paper, sir—about—that big six-foot Boche I brought in. Honest, I don't know where I got him. All I can remember is that old 'top' slapping me on the back, and then the whistle blowin' and then goin' over, and then the next thing I knew I had a big six-foot Boche in front of me and I was marchin' him in to divisional headquarters. The boys kidded me a lot and wanted to know where I'd found him, and if he'd captured me, and a lot of that stuff; but I got him, all right."

"Yes, you got him, boy, and that was a mighty fine job, too."

"Yes, that was fine, but that isn't what I'm happiest about."

"What are you happiest about?"

"I'm happiest because it turned out that I wasn't afraid. I owe that to the old 'top.' Good ole 'top'! I guess God must have heard my prayers all right and sent the ole 'top' to answer them."

"Morning watch" experiences are varied in war times, as the above story indicates. There was another "morning watch"

hour. It was before one of the big battles on the western front. The old chaplain had got up with his boys, for he knew that they were to go over at dawn. It was a misty morning. He would have given all that he had to have gone with them, he loved them so. He said to me as he told me his story: "It didn't just seem right for my boys to be going over and me not with them. But those were my orders; to stay back and help guide the 'walking wounded' in, and to help in the dressing station when it was all over, so there I had to stick.

"But as the boys were silently filing into the front-line trenches I had the pleasure of taking every boy by the hand as he ducked under the camouflage at the edge of the road and went into the communication trench that led to the front. They were to go over that morning without artillery support. The plan was to surprise the Boche. Up to that time we had always prepared the way for going over with a heavy artillery curtain. I knew just when they were to go over, so I walked up to a little hill. This hill commanded a good view of the lines. I climbed up into a tree where there was an observation post. I kept an eye on my watch. The time was near. Another minute and my boys would be going over, some of them going 'west.'

"The thought broke my heart. Then up there in that tree I held a little 'morning watch' service for them. I watched them go over. I couldn't distinguish their forms for the fog in the valley, but I said, 'Right down there, God—there in the fog—my boys and your boys are "going over the top." Take care of them, God. Go, with them. Bless them! Keep them! And if they have to die take them to thine arms of love, for Jesus' sake. Amen!'

"That was the strangest 'morning watch' I ever kept. At home I make it a habit to keep the 'morning watch' every day, but somehow God seemed nearer to me up there in that tree in the observation post than he ever seemed back in my study or in my home. And never did I pray with more intense earnestness than I did at that hour. God seemed to hear my prayer, for all of my boys came back; some with wounds, to be sure, but they all came back."

And so it is, fathers and mothers, that the chaplains, the secretaries, and even many officers, are keeping guard over your boys, and so it is that men who love them, even over there in the cold, hard business of war, some spiritually visioned men, have not forgotten the "morning watch."

And always hovering back in the shadow is the Father "keeping watch above his own."

THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR MANSION

BY BOLTON HALL

The intensive cultivation of small areas is the natural remedy for high food prices. The National War Gardens Commission claims that there are now over half a million little "potato patches," which produced an immense quantity of vegetables this year; that was while we were busy with other things, such as Huns and high wages, to distract us from cultivation.

Mr. C. H. Ingersoll, the "dollar watch" man, has shown us how to make quickly a house which will be cheap and indestructible. His way is to pour a house of concrete in one operation. He has already put up fourteen houses at the "Self-Masters"

Colony in Union, New Jersey, near Elizabeth, the place where Mr. Lloyd reclaims the derelicts of our civilization. Mr. Edison had the idea of "poured houses" all right, but Mr. Ingersoll had it modified and worked out by an inventor, Harvey E. Dodge, and carried out practically by experienced builders.

Edison's molds cost too much (about \$30,000 each) and the concrete clogged the molds. The Dodge plan gets over this difficulty by using laminated wooden molds, a set of which can be built for a few thousand dollars, and which concrete will not stick to. These molds are rented out to those who build the houses, and each set is a hen that lays a complete house every week.

Now that houses can be poured out quickly, plentifully, and good, it will be possible to cut up huge tracts of land into small plots, each of them furnished with a six-room thousand-dollar house, proof against fire and vermin and earthquakes, needing no repairs, no insurance, and impervious to heat and cold.

This opens a fresh field for the "Three Acre and Liberty" proposition that is without limit, and will prove to be a most important factor of our food production and rehabilitation of cities from the war.

It is the simplest and most immediate war reconstruction work we have.

THE VICKSBURG SURRENDER

A friend and reader, who was interested in a recent reference in *The Outlook* to the surrender at Vicksburg, sends us the following copy of a letter written by a private who was a witness of the surrender:

Vicksburg, July, 1863.

My Dear Friend:

On July 4, 1863, the surrender of Vicksburg to General Grant by General Pemberton took place. I was at General Frank Blair's headquarters at nine o'clock that morning. The formal surrender took place at about half-past nine. The evening before General Grant and General Pemberton met midway between the two lines under a large live-oak tree to arrange for the surrender the next day.

I rode by the tree and along the trenches approaching the rebel lines. A day or two after the surrender I went to the famous tree and found a boy with a hatchet cutting canes and selling them to the soldiers at twenty-five cents each. The tree was outside the picket line. My pass from General Grant allowed me to go through the lines to the tree. It was about twenty inches in diameter. I took the boy's hatchet, trimmed up a limb ten feet long, gave half, or about four feet, to Mr. McCracken, and kept the rest. What you have is a piece cut from my part. I have left about three and a half feet, which I prize very much.

The soldiers and Negroes cut this tree to pieces and dug out all the roots, and the Government placed a marble monument on the spot, which was soon chipped and ruined. Then one of the large siege guns captured at Vicksburg was put in place of the marble shaft, with the breech cemented in a granite fountain and with the muzzle pointing heavenward as a lasting monument of the great victory.

I have a photograph of both the marble shaft and the gun as it now marks the spot. This experience is one of the marked epochs in my life.

Your friend,

WILLIAM D. BUTLER.

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on *The Outlook* of December 11, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of *The Outlook* will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: A League of Nations.

Reference: Pages 576–578.

Questions:

1. What facts does *The Outlook* give showing that the proposal for a League of Nations "is a growth from seeds planted in the thoughts of men from very early ages"? 2. What is the object of this League? Do those who advocate it believe the League would prevent all wars in the future? 3. Some of the leagues *The Outlook* mentions and a number of other such leagues in history have passed away without achieving the objects sought. Is it reasonable to contend that the proposed League of Nations will be any more successful in the object it seeks? Discuss at length. 4. One of the most potent questions in the formation of a League of Nations is that of national sovereignty. Discuss this phase of the project. What of America's sovereignty would you be willing to relinquish? 5. Give several reasons why it would be difficult to do away with the causes of war. 6. Discuss whether equality of economic opportunity should be guaranteed to all free nations. Could a League of Nations be successful without this condition? 7. Does the formation and successful operation of the proposed League involve the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine? If it does, would you be willing to see that Doctrine go? Reasons. 8. Discuss the probable perils of America "going it alone" and taking advantage of all possible economic privileges. 9. Give a number of reasons why, in your opinion, America should or should not join a League of Nations. 10. Read the following: "A Republic of Nations," by R. C. Minor (Oxford University Press—American Branch—New York); "The League of Nations To-Day and To-Morrow," by H. M. Kallen (Marshall Jones); "Democracy and World Relations," by D. S. Jordan (World Book Company).

B. Topic: What Is a Nation?

Reference: Pages 583, 584.

Questions:

1. How does Mr. Boardman account for the theory of nationality? What is that theory? 2. Evidently Mr. Boardman believes that "the spirit of nationality" is a destructive force. Can you prove from the history of different nations that it has been a great constructive force? 3. Explain the meaning of "race," "people," "nation," "nationality," "nationalism," "internationalism." 4. Would it be more difficult for men of widely different nationalities to live

together peacefully in Europe than in America? Reasons. 5. Mr. Boardman believes that all kinds of blood are necessary in order to have a "well-rounded government." Give reasons why, in your opinion, this is or is not so. 6. Explain: "A League of Nations seems but a logical consequence of our own successful venture in the field of political experiment." 7. Does it seem to you that it would be an easy matter to form and successfully maintain a United States of the Balkans? Tell why. 8. Does the history of civilized peoples tend to show that nationalism must give way to internationalism? Reasons. 9. By all means read "Nationality in Modern History," by J. H. Rose (Macmillan).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The President's Address to Congress; The President's Absence.

Reference: Pages 569, 576.

Questions:

1. How do you like the President's address to Congress? Give your reasons. 2. President Wilson says he has no definite plan concerning the railway problem. Is this his usual attitude toward public questions? Proof. What alternative courses does he mention? Which one do you think would be better for the railways and the country? 3. *The Outlook* points out certain duties the Constitution lays upon the President. Name them. Does the Constitution lay other duties upon him? 4. Do you agree or disagree with *The Outlook* in its belief that Congress should now confer on the Vice-President the power to perform the duties of the President? Tell why. 5. Are you pleased with the President's selection of peace delegates? Reasons. What, in your opinion, would the President and our allies think if the Senate should elect a committee of Senators to attend the Peace Conference? 6. Tell what you think Mr. Wilson's theory of the Presidency is.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of *The Outlook*, but not discussed in it.)

1. America has lived a century since 1914. 2. The objections to a League of Nations are imaginary. 3. Patriotism is only an attitude.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in *The Outlook* for December 11, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Plenipotentiaries, irrevocable, confederation (576); sovereignty, pronunciamiento, democratized (577); prototype, mandate, spirit of nationality, truism, consanguinity, heterogeneous (583); propagandists, delimited, restive, *a priori* reasoning, contour (584); suffrage, cut-over lands, alternative (569); preposterous (576).

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by *The Outlook*. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Birth. By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.60.

In scope and purpose this is by all means Miss Gale's best work. It is capital in its rendering of the talk and views of a sort of "Greek chorus" of minor characters, chiefly women of the type the author has so closely studied and cleverly depicted in her short stories. The two Pitts, father and son, are studied sympathetically; in the purpose of the novel the son was intended to be the leading character, but he is vaguely rendered as compared with the father, a dull, faithful, hopelessly "common," but really great-hearted little paper-hanger. This character in itself makes the book a story of creative value.

Dr. Adriaan. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Couperus is the best known of Dutch novelists. This book is subtle in psychology and searching in its study of temperament. It lacks action and sparkle, but will appeal to readers who want something deeper than mere material for amusement.

In the Heart of a Fool. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.60.

On a large scale, with slow-moving action, presenting a large number of characters, this novel skillfully weaves many separate threads into a design planned from the start. It is never dull, for its author looks upon life and character with tolerant humor and human friendliness. If he depicts with implacable truth the degradation of the fool who believes in no God, but that of success, who uses brain and tongue to aid the rich, the powerful, and the corrupt solely for gain in money and position, he also shows us the calm happiness of the man who is willing to remain poor or to die if need be rather than make himself a base servitor of power and money. There are many people in the Western town here depicted who stand out with clearness—true characters, worth knowing. This is a book to read leisurely, not the sort of a story to be read to-day and forgotten to-morrow. It is a fit companion to Mr. White's first serious work of fiction, "A Certain Rich Man," and, like that, it deals thoughtfully with big questions and entertainingly with people and life.

Yellow Souls. By Dorota Flatau. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

A too elaborate account in fiction form of the malignity of a German who comes as a boy to England with deep hatred of the English in his heart, becomes in time a banker and political power, and all his life acts as a German spy and despicable traitor to England.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS
American Cities: Their Methods of Business. By Arthur Benson Gilbert, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

American Negro Slavery. A Survey of the Supply, Employment, and Control of Negro Labor as Determined by the Plantation Régime. By Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.

Old Worlds for New. By Arthur J. Penty. Sunwise Turn, Inc., 2 East Thirty-first Street, New York.

Mr. Penty's remedy for industrial evils is a return to earlier and simpler forms of industry. He would reduce the great indus-

A booklet suggesting methods of using the *Weekly Outline of Current History* will be sent on application

The New Books (Continued)

trial organizations, limit the use of machinery, restore small industries, re-establish the ancient guilds, revive handicrafts, and supplant the present ambition for quantity in manufacture by an ambition for quality. This is all excellent as an amelioration of present conditions, but inadequate as a cure for them. Our problem is how to get the economic advantages of producing by wholesale without paying for those advantages the tremendous price we are now paying in human lives, sometimes stunted, sometimes destroyed.

Selected Articles on Direct Primaries. Compiled by C. E. Fanning. (Debaters' Handbook Series.) Fourth and Revised Edition. The W. H. Wilson Company, New York. \$1.25.

Truth about the Jameson Raid (The). By John Hays Hammond, as Related to Alleyne Ireland. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Doctor in War (The). By Woods Hutchinson, M.D. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50.

"This is the first war where the doctor has been given a free hand, and he has responded by almost wiping out disease, ... saving ninety per cent of the wounded, and sending eighty per cent of them back to the firing line within forty days!" This optimistic sentence gives the keynote to Dr. Woods Hutchinson's book. It is written in popular style, and will appeal to a wide audience, both lay and professional. People who emphasize the dismal side of war will be especially benefited by reading this book.

Nights in London. By Thomas Burke. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

A new edition of a volume of studies of London life, redolent of the flavors of the music halls, the restaurants, and the little-known sections, such as the Isle of Dogs. It is in places a trifle "sporty" for refined tastes, but it is exceedingly vivid.

Sacred Beetle and Others (The). By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.60.

M. Fabre's books constitute the romance and drama of insect life. His American publishers well and truly say: "Fabre was a great magician. He was the good fairy of the scientific world writing of his discoveries and observations upon his friends, the insects, with a keen sense of humor, a quick appreciation of the dramatic, and a grace and charm of expression that never have been equaled in the history of science."

War-Time Nerves. By Herbert J. Hall, M.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.

Both doctors and ministers are learning the intimate connection of the body and the spirit. Doctors are learning to cure physical diseases by spiritual remedies and ministers are learning to cure spiritual diseases by physical remedies. And, what is perhaps more important, doctors and ministers are learning to have respect for each other and confidence in each other and to work together. The world is greatly the gainer. This little book will be of great value to any practitioner in either sphere, and may be heartily commended to the layman as well for its wise counsels and its spiritual illumination.

WAR BOOKS

Heroes of Aviation. By Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Mr. Driggs is well and favorably known to readers of *The Outlook* as the author of the Arnold Adair stories, which were so cordially received as they appeared in our

columns. He is an expert on all matters relating to aviation, as well as a writer of spirited and exciting fiction. In the present volume he tells the achievements of many of the heroes who have won fame and recognition in the combats of the air. Captain Guynemer, most famous of aces, who had fifty-three victories to his credit; Major Lufbery, the almost equally famous American ace, who had brought down eighteen enemy planes when he met his fate; Lieutenant Fonck, the noted French ace; Captain Ball, a young Englishman whose record of German planes destroyed was forty-three before he was killed; Major Bishop, the Canadian ace, who is reported to have destroyed seventy-two German planes and who survives the war—these and other heroes of the air are here described. The record of their feats reads like exciting fiction, but has also the qualities of reality and of accurate knowledge. The book is one that every boy would delight to read.

With Those Who Wait. By Frances Wilson Huard. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50.

To read these inspiring stories of life behind the front the impatient reader finds himself even willing to cut the leaves of one of those abominable books whose sheets

are left untrimmed at the bottom by the binder. Praise can go no further than this. But one must mention the illustrations—they are as exceptional as the text in catching the real Gallic spirit.

MISCELLANEOUS

Joseph Pennell's Liberty-Loan Poster. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.

This technical description of the making of one of the most effective of the Liberty Loan posters will be of interest to poster-makers primarily, to artists generally, and to printers who love their craft. It would make a nice and inexpensive Christmas gift to any one included within the classes named.

Girls' Clubs: Their Organization and Management. A Manual for Workers. By Helen J. Ferris. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

Principles of Accounting. By William Andrew Paton, Ph.D., and Russell Alger Stevenson, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.25.

Unsound Mind and the Law (The). A Presentation of Forensic Psychiatry. By George W. Jacoby, M.D. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$3.

Woman Citizen (The). A Problem in Education. By Horace A. Hollister. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.75.



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They are everywhere known to be as good as gold, because they bear the approval of an Association composed of 19,000 of the strongest American banks. Hotels, railroad and steamship companies and the best merchants accept "A. B. A." Cheques readily, and 50,000 banks cash them without exchange.

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

EXTENSIVE USE OF PARCEL POST TRUCKS PLANNED BY POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

At a recent meeting of the New York State Highway Traffic Association some interesting plans for the improvement and extension of parcel post delivery by motor truck were discussed by Mr. James I. Blakeslee, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General.

Mr. Blakeslee proposed "that we use the available military equipment and such available military personnel in the construction and operation of a governmental enterprise that will be immediately profitable and which, in turn, will produce sufficient revenue to continue its administration and operation."

He further stated: "I am informed that there are 100,000 motor vehicles now in use or in process of construction for military purposes. I am certain that a vast number, if not the majority, of this surplus equipment can be utilized in the transportation of merchandise and commodities through territory within the country that is not immediately adjacent to existing means of transportation and is located in productive localities where inadequate means of conveyance obtain. To properly utilize such an enormous number of moving units would require the service of an equally huge army of individuals, and thereby provide employment for thousands of men who have been making a sacrifice for us all.

"One of the greatest difficulties that confront the advocates of good roads in this country is the cost of construction and improvement. Therefore I believe that there should be three different methods of meeting the cost of the construction and improvement of highways.

"First, for a highway entirely Federal or National in character. This main line, or through connecting National highway, should be utilized by the Federal Government in the transportation of commodities upon which a revenue should be earned sufficient to meet the expenses of transportation and to provide for the improvement and maintenance of the roadway over which the commodities are conveyed, and I submit a definite specific method, one that we have tried and found profitable—the conveying of mailable matter, including parcel post, at regular rates.

"There are in operation to-day transportation facilities in daily operation on through or connecting highways from Portland, Maine, to Richmond, Virginia; from New York City to Chicago; from Indianapolis to Montgomery, Alabama; and with an appropriation of \$300,000 the postage revenues on these highways and adjacent roads leading to the same now average over \$2,000,000 per annum.

"Second, for a highway supported by the Federal Government and the States and local subdivisions thereof. These high-

ways should be known as feeder highways and located near trunk lines or National highways within producing territory.

"Third, for a highway supported by State, county, or township. This third definite suggestion includes the construction and maintenance of supply roads to the feeder roads that finally connect with the National trunk-line roads.

"The benefits of the adoption of such a system of highway construction can be extended to include the cost of living, for through the complete organization of a system of transportation facilities covering improved roads commodity prices that have to-day reached exorbitant figures can be influenced to a considerable extent.

"We found that on October 22, 1918, fresh eggs were selling in the city of Newark, New Jersey, at \$1 a dozen, when a tremendous supply was available at New Holland, Pennsylvania, a distance of one hundred miles from Newark, at sixty cents a dozen. With a postal rate of about three cents a dozen, we could have possibly delivered this prime food product in that city at from twenty-five to thirty cents a dozen less than the price the citizens were paying."

GOOD ROADS AS A NATIONAL NECESSITY

In the issue of November 27 we published a short article by Mr. G. A. Kissel on the importance of good roads with the great development of motor-truck transportation. We publish herewith a letter from an Outlook subscriber referring to Mr. Kissel's article and giving an interesting view-point on this general subject. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Palma that trucks should be built to fit the roads as well as roads to fit the truck.

Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania,
December 1, 1918.

The Outlook,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Gentlemen:

There is no doubt that good roads may be considered a necessity, but it is well to bear in mind in considering or discussing this old subject that good roads in themselves do not constitute the end sought; they are but one of the means to the end sought, that of cheap and convenient movement of men and materials from place to place.

One of the modern means to this desired end — *efficient transportation* — is the commercial power-driven truck, and it is open to question just at this time whether the required millions of dollars should be spent in an endeavor to make indestructible roads, taking the money from the general taxpayer, or whether something should not be done to curb those individuals who destroy public property, using roads built for the use of vehicles weighing with their load, say, three tons, on sufficient wheel contact at a speed of, say, five miles per hour, for vehicles weighing ten or twelve tons, with small diameter wheels, and comparatively little road contact at a speed that may be anything, depending on the engine and skill and recklessness of the driver.

It is true that our good roads when made may be criticised as to their construction. They are often crowned too much, and they creep and wrinkle and disintegrate.

It is also true that our present trucks are faulty in design, their wheel diameter is too small and in width has not enough contact with the road.

It might be desirable to lay steel strips,

THE ADVENTURES OF ARNOLD ADAIR AMERICAN ACE

MANY readers of The Outlook will remember with pleasure those interesting stories by Laurence La Tourette Driggs, "The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace," that were published in The Outlook some months ago. These stories, with many additional adventures of Arnold, have been published in book form by Little, Brown & Co., the well-known Boston publishers. It is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing many illustrations from original drawings and photographs, and will make a most attractive Christmas Gift. The retail price of the book is \$1.35 net. By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of \$4.35 for the book and the subscription. Only a limited number of volumes are available for this offer, which will be withdrawn when our present supply is exhausted.

Fill out the accompanying order form and return to us at once with remittance of \$4.35; we will extend your subscription for one year, whatever the present date of expiration may now be, and "The Adventures of Arnold Adair" will be sent to you immediately, carefully protected from damage in transit, all charges prepaid. This offer also applies to a new subscription, but does not apply in the case of subscriptions sent through agents.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY 381 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose Four Dollars and Thirty-five Cents, for which please send me "The Adventures of Arnold Adair," all charges prepaid, and enter my subscription to The Outlook for one year (or renew for one year from present date of expiration), in accordance with the terms of your special offer.

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Address

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, including the address, for each insertion. The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, twenty-five cents is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date of issue when it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

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Board and room, \$15 per week. Among the orange groves overlooking beautiful Lake Weir. Mrs. MARGARET KLOCK, Eastlake, Fla.

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Restricted residential resort near famous Belleair Golf Links. Auto service to St. Petersburg and Clearwater. Cottages furnished—all city conveniences \$300 to \$600 for season. Surf Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Sea Foods, Fruits. Tampa Office, Citizens Bank Bldg. St. Petersburg Office, Poinsettia Hotel Bldg. Send for illustrated folder.

Florida Beach Development Co., Box 0, Indian Rocks, Fla.

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HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL

GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK

Philipse Manor Inn

DIRECTLY ON THE HUDSON RIVER
Advantages of a home without its responsibilities. Easy commuting. Attractive for week-ends. Address North Tarrytown. Telephone, Tarrytown 176.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis

31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath \$4.50 per day with meals, or \$2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request.

JOHN P. TOLSON.

Good Roads as a National Necessity (Continued)
or specially designed T-rails with surface flush with the road surface for use of heavy trucks, and it also might be desirable to insist on trucks being furnished with governors which allow a certain maximum speed according to a formula to be devised, and in which the factors would be speed, load, and effective road contact, modified by a factor expressing the efficiency of the resilient members interposed between the road and the load.

This subject of roads *versus* vehicles is a vital one and well worthy of the attention of a Federal commission, and I would respectfully suggest that The Outlook use its influence to the end that the interest of all may be conserved.

Yours truly,
F. J. PALMA.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

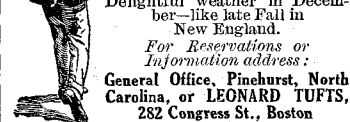
HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates \$2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

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Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
offers this season a varied and interesting schedule of sports and pastimes, golf—trap shooting—racing—riding—driving—motoring—tennis

CAROLINA HOTEL
now open
Delightful weather in December—like late Fall in New England.

For Reservations or Information address:
General Office, Pinehurst, North Carolina, or LEONARD TUFTS, 282 Congress St., Boston



SOUTH CAROLINA

The KIRKWOOD

On Camden Heights
SOUTH CAROLINA
OPEN JANUARY TO MAY.
18-hole Golf, Riding, Climate
T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ.

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LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 25 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841

Private Hospital

For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. Write for booklet.

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

Crest View Sanatorium

Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium

A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NOVEL grocery establishment; profitable, dignified, attractive. Few thousand required. Harris-Dibble Company, 171 Madison Ave., New York.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

COPIES CRAFT CHRISTMAS CARDS. Hand-colored, with specially appropriate verses. Sent on approval. Consignments for sales. Discounts to those selling among friends. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SUPERINTENDENTS, secretaries, governesses, matrons, dietitians, mothers' helpers, companions, etc. The Wilton Exchange, Box 270, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WANTED—Capable woman as working housekeeper in family of two in Southern city. 6,445, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper wanted to assist with care of two children, four years and infant. Must be refined and willing to help with upstairs work. References. 6,448, Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's assistant. Connecticut. Education, refinement, more necessary than experience. Address 6,451, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Nursery governess for boy of four years, girl of nine years. Reference required. 6,443, Outlook.

WANTED, after the holidays, in small girls' school in New York State, teacher for few hours' grade work daily in return for good home and small salary. Write, giving experience and references, 6,446, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

AN educated American woman desires position—arcraft, housekeeping, or gardening. 6,442, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAINED nurse wishes consumptive patient. Miss Oorthman, 48 W. 20th St., New York.

POSITION desired by cultured lady (young widow, knowledge of music and French) to travel and chaperon young woman; or supervising manager of gentleman's home, Southwest or Middle States preferred. Credentials exchanged. A. T., 6,439, Outlook.

GOVERNESS-companion wants Southern home in return for services. Hospital trained. 6,440, Outlook.

CAPABLE lady desires position as useful traveling companion for winter. Personal references. 245 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

EXPERIENCED undergraduate male nurse (massage, Battle Creek Sanitarium treatment) desires position where capability and quiet Christian conduct are appreciated. Parker Atwood, Attleboro, Mass., care of Sanitarium.

COMPANION or attendant to elderly lady or young girl. 6,447, Outlook.

WANTED, by woman of dignity and ability, with years of experience in boarding schools and private families, position as managing housekeeper or housemother where children are motherless. 6,452, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

FRENCH governess with experience wishes position in good family. Best references. Write to H. M. B., care Madame Casasse, 130 Mariner St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner; all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

MIDDLE-aged woman, good family, experienced care of children, will take normal child, age one to three, to care for at her home, healthful hill country, hour from city. References. Salary \$60. 6,450, Outlook.

YOUR WANTS

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising,
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

BY THE WAY

New Yorkers who have occasion to stop at the subway station at Broadway and Canal Street may find there a curious commentary on the history of Manhattan Island. The books tell us that in the early days a rapid stream found its way to the North River from the Collect Pond by way of the depression that was later to be known as "Canal" Street. Notwithstanding the endeavors of centuries to suppress this stream, it still exists and defies the engineers. A current of water of considerable volume runs between the tracks even now, and the dripping moisture that exudes from the walls shows the presence, probably, of the springs that fed the stream of New Amsterdam's days.

The Frenchman's dignified hospitality has rarely been better illustrated than in a story told in the "Atlantic" by an American who visited all that the Germans had left of a magnificent chateau in "heroic France." The French owner received his guests in a tiny bedroom furnished with a narrow cot, a rickety chair, and a cracked ewer and basin. "I am not in a position," he said, "to offer you a cup of tea, but a glass of tea you shall have." And the single ancient servitor, her head bandaged for injuries inflicted by the Germans, served the tea in chipped tumblers, passing from hand to hand the single spoon which the chateau afforded!

Here is a joke (from the "American Printer") that book lovers will appreciate. A New York printer ordered several hundred dollars' worth of hand-made paper, and, knowing stock-cutters' ways and weaknesses, and fearing they would trim off these precious rough edges, he wrote on the job instruction envelope, "Save deckel edges." Several days afterward a bundle was placed on his desk. "What's this?" he asked in surprise. "Oh, them's the deckel edges you ordered saved."

A New York Bible student finds that the armistice was signed at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year; and that the eleventh verse of the eleventh chapter of the eleventh book of the Bible reads thus concerning an ancient king. The passage has a present-day application:

... Forasmuch as this is done of thee, and thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes, which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and will give it to thy servant.

A physician who practices in a mining camp writes thus of some of his experiences to a medical journal: "A heavy-set miner enters the office. 'Gosh, doc,' he says, 'I think I've got this Spanish fly!' A swarthy Czech complains of a piece of coal in his eye. I remove it and ask, 'How does it feel?' After winking a couple of times he says: 'I guess he gone. I no hear him.'"

Theatrical managers predict great prosperity for theaters with the end of the war. One says, in a humorous vein born of his optimism: "Suppose I was a fairly well-to-do man in a town similar to Red Bank, Kalamazoo, etc. The boys from the other side will come home broke, or very near it—hungry for amusement. I would take pleasure in taking them to every show that came to town." It may be doubted whether the men will come home as "broke" as many actors have been during the war, but certainly everybody will want to give them a good time. Another manager says: "New war plays will not be produced until the

war has receded into the background of men's thoughts and lives. Then, I am sure, we shall have the great masterpiece of war. With the coming of peace theaters will enter upon the most prosperous time in their history."

Philadelphia is to dig a 35-foot channel to the sea, according to "Shipping." Philadelphia's gain in export trade last year makes such a project worth while, for it amounted to 50 per cent, as against New York City's gain of only 5 per cent, Baltimore's gain of 30 per cent, and Boston's of 27 per cent.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., tells this story about himself: "I was standing in the center of a group of soldiers, when one of their number, an Italian, went up to a Y. M. C. A. secretary and said, 'Which is this man Rockefeller?' The secretary replied, 'That is he, over there among those men.' The Italian came over, looked, stopped, listened, and finally went back to the secretary and said, 'Come, stop your fooling, that's not him; tell me which he is.' Whereupon the secretary replied that it was I, to which the Italian answered, 'Why, that's a man, that's no devil.' The moral which Mr. Rockefeller draws is that when men meet each other face to face they get different impressions than those gained by hearsay.

A book about German spies in the United States tells a story that shows how difficult it is to conceal the facts regarding the payment of large sums of money. One of the German agents in New York City instructed his bank to pay certain checks on demand, without identification of the payee and without requiring his indorsement of the check. But when the first check was presented a careful teller asked the bank's vice-president about its unusual character. Looking at the man who had presented the check, the official, a German-American, exclaimed: "Mein Gott! Dot is de Volf of Vall Street! I hope von Rintelen hasn't fallen into his hands!" This conversation was used later to identify the payee in court.

Here is "Life's" fine distinction as to the methods and ethics of certain art dealers: "Customer—Will you give me a written guarantee that it's a genuine Van Dyke? Dealer—I can't do that, madam, but I'll give you my word of honor."

"The giver without the gift is bare." So the familiar line appeared in The Outlook of November 20. A subscriber good-naturedly calls our attention to the transposition; the line of course should read, "The gift without the giver is bare." That the printing types should have made Lowell thus say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way is an evidence that they, like some types of humanity, are "good mixers."

"Country Life" (London) advertises in a recent issue an auction sale of part of a British landed estate whose size might cause even our biggest ranch-owners to lift their eyebrows. This consists of "the northern portions of the Sutherland Estates," extending to an area of 209,143 acres! This vast tract of hundreds of square miles, however, is only a small part of the holdings of the Duke of Sutherland, which amount to "about 1,358,600 acres." The tract to be sold, it is announced, "affords the opportunity to acquire the whole length of the famous salmon rivers, the Naver and Halladale."

S. Army or Navy Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Allied Organizations

Letters of Credit, which are the safest and most convenient medium for carrying funds, are issued by us, **free of commission**, to those engaged in war work.

We have also sent our American representative to France for the convenience of our friends, with headquarters at the office of the Credit Commercial de France, 20 Rue Lafayette, Paris.

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Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.



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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today. Brooks Appliance Co., 471D. State St., Marshall, Mich.

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More Food, More Farm Loans
Behind the lines, American farms are the food factories of the world. Loan your dollars to lubricate the "wheels" of Agriculture. An investment in our Farm Mortgage and Real Estate Bonds is patriotic, profitable, and safe. Write today for Pamphlet "S" and current offerings. Amounts to suit. E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D. Capital and Surplus \$600,000

Vapo Cresolene

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879
Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance to develop into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold. Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp." The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights. It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use. Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps. **THE VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York** or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada